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The President Torpedoes Neutrality

In one of the most important speeches of his career, President Roosevelt at Chicago definitely turned his back on the neutrality policy prescribed for him by Congress, a policy which he has so far refused to execute in relation to the Chinese war. The rationale of the new neutrality is that the principal national aim should be to stay out of war when it comes. Mr. Roosevelt on the contrary accepts the thesis of those who believe in "collective security"—that it is impossible to stay out; that in fact if international anarchy and aggression continue, we shall be attacked. Therefore it is necessary for the "peace-loving" nations to take positive measures against the aggressors and check them before it is too late. These aggressors, whom he roundly denounces, are easily identifiable from his language as Italy, Germany and Japan. The speech is interpreted by the diplomatic world as giving the clear signal to the League of Nations or to Great Britain and France for any policy of sanctions they may wish to adopt in Europe and Asia. We should say it not merely opened the way for such measures, but actually made them more likely. The moralistic fervor of the speech, its tone of anger against treaty-breakers and disturbers of the peace, are reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson at his most effective. Much depends upon what concrete meaning may be put into the "quarantine" which Mr. Roosevelt wants to establish against the guilty nations, but the inescapable conclusion is that if things go very far along this line, the United States is likely to be involved in a new world war.

Moves Toward Collective Action

The League of Nations, during the past week, took definite action in regard to both Japan and Spain. The Advisory Committee of the League emphatically recorded the worldwide moral disapproval of Japanese action in bombing cities in China in the course of her undeclared war. At the same time, Soviet Russia made a supplementary sharp protest. Great Britain, doubtless after consultation with the United States, proposed that the Nine-Power Treaty be invoked. While this treaty does not provide for any punitive action against violators, its moral effect must be substantial, in view of the fact that Japan is one of the signatories. If a conference were held under the Nine-Power Treaty, Britain would like to see Germany and Russia invited to attend.

In regard to Spain, the action taken by the League was in marked contrast to its previous course. Just as the last vestiges of the non-intervention scheme, including the patrol of Spanish waters, came to an end, the Political Commission of the League adopted a resolution which said in effect that further maintenance of the principle of neutrality is up to Italy; that if she continues in her present course, all the other powers will consider themselves relieved of responsibility and the Spanish frontier be thrown completely open.

It is obvious that the stiffening of League policy has coincided with the stiffening of the British and

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French attitude; but that fact should not lessen its significance. In regard to both Spain and the Far East, the League is not pursuing a course that would lead to forcible attempts to restrain aggression. On the contrary, it is registering the moral judgment of the member nations, each of which is left free to follow its own course.

Boycott Against Japan

Fighting along the two Chinese fronts in the North and South during the past week brought no substantial change in the progress of the war. At Shanghai the Chinese defenders of the city continued the stubborn resistance they have maintained for almost two months and lost but little ground along the line extending from the northern edge of Shanghai to the Yangtze River. In the North the Chinese forces continued to retreat before the steady advance of the Japanese armies in the provinces of Shantung, Shansi and Hopeh. Chinese military leaders in the North expect to employ guerilla warfare tactics to a greater degree in the future, in place of the warfare of position, especially in the mountain regions. The new factor entering into the war is the movement toward an unofficial boycott of Japanese goods by business men who have been shocked by the reports of indiscriminate Japanese attacks on Chinese cities. The movement began in Britain last week when the proprietor of a large soda-fountain chain withdrew his order for a hundred million Japanese straws, and has achieved a good deal of impetus from other private citizens. In the United States as well the private boycott against Japan has gained some public support, especially from those who have suffered from Japanese competition in the past and find the boycott a convenient method to increase their own sales.

Stalemate in Spain

During the first week of October, the battle fronts in Spain were ominously quiet. Franco's northern army was slogging ahead toward Gijon, but its progress was obviously slower than had been expected by the Fascist general staff. The Loyalists had advanced a few miles toward Jaca, a little city in the high Pyrenees that is important chiefly because it commands one of the three main highways into France. Meanwhile everybody was waiting for the big Fascist offensive, the one that—this time again—will surely end the war. Would it break in the northeast, around Zaragoza, or in the center, around Madrid, or along the Mediterranean seacoast? Nobody knew for certain, but everybody prophesied that it would be the biggest push since the advance on Bilbao. Our own guess is that—wherever it comes—it is likely to fail. Franco has strengthened himself by defeating the government forces in the northwest, along the Bay of Biscay; when Gijon finally surrenders he will have forty or fifty thousand troops to use in other sectors. But the Loyalists haven't been idle. They have brought to life the 200-mile Aragon front, where practically nothing had happened for a year; they have been making small but impressive gains all along the line from Jaca south to Teruel. Simply to stop the Loyalists on the Aragon front, Franco will need all the men released by the end of the fighting on the Bay of Biscay. He will attack because winter is coming and because Mussolini insists on it—but for all his Italian troops we doubt that he will get very far.

Catholics and Democracy

One hundred and fifty Protestant clergymen, educators and laymen this week made public an open letter attacking the position of the Catholic hierarchy in Spain toward the civil war. Their letter charged that a recent pastoral message by the Spanish Catholics had shown "open hostility" toward the principles of popular government, freedom of religion and the separation of the Church and State; that the hierarchy had, by its attempt to justify the military rebels, acted as "the apologists for reaction and fascism." The Protestants expressed alarm at the failure of Catholics in America to voice any protest against the position the Spanish hierarchy has taken in support of Franco and his fascist forces. The list of signatures fixed to the open letter includes the names of many distinguished figures in the United States and on that account it must be considered a powerful blow against the Catholic Church. But in reply, so far completely unofficial, leading Catholics in the United States have offered only unsatisfactory comments. They say that the Protestants have been "misinformed of the facts," that the Loyalist government is anti-Christ, communistic and atheistic and that the "distinguished gentlemen" have been "thoroughly and completely hoodwinked."

Is This a New Depression?

Because the stock market has slumped, steel production is declining and the general index of industrial output has a sagging tendency, a lot of people have been worrying about the business situation. It is said that political and labor troubles have caused a loss of confidence, that business men are not planning expansion for the future, and therefore that we may have passed the peak of the revival which has been intermittently under way ever since 1933. This may all be true; the average length of a cycle of business in the past, from low to low, has been about 3.3 years, and we have therefore long since passed the point where a recession might be looked for. Of course these short cycles do not normally include the kind of severe depression that came in 1929—that is something that occurs less frequently, roughly about every ten years. What would be expected now is rather a mild recession in a generally upward trend. One fact has been overlooked in most of the discussion: this year for the first time since the depression began the federal government is taking in more money than it is paying out; its influence

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is thus deflationary to the extent of about $400,000,000. We do not mean of course that the budget is balanced; it is the social-security taxes that account for the change. But it is just possible that this loss of a net stimulation from governmental spending accounts for the present slump, other circumstances being as they are.

Green Fire in Denver

As the A.F. of L. meets in convention, its main purpose, as represented by the fiery words of President William Green, appears to be not to improve the condition of its members or to organize the unorganized but to destroy the CIO and the advances it has made during the past year for more than 3,000,000 members. We don't know exactly how Mr. Green expects to destroy the CIO. Does he intend to wipe off the map the United Mine Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the unions of steel, rubber, textile, transport and other workers that are firmly established in the loyalty of their members and contracts with employers? Or does he merely mean to try to harass them and weaken the labor movement by setting up competing bodies? Either attempt is not likely to make much impression. John L. Lewis, commenting on the speech, observed concisely that "William Green sounds to me like a seven-year-old boy defying his parents." It is noteworthy that in spite of the CIO's aggressiveness and power, it has never desired to destroy the A.F. of L. and its constituent unions. It has not even invaded established union jurisdictions like railroads or the building trades, though it has clashed with a few A.F. of L. bodies like the electrical workers or the maritime unions in weakly organized fields. What Mr. Green really wants is to have the CIO unions back in the A.F. of L. on his own terms, and he is transparently trying to frighten them into surrender. What sensible labor men want is a united labor movement that will recognize the successful principles and achievements of the CIO.

Truce on the Coast

On the San Francisco waterfront the CIO and the A.F. of L. have been engaged for the past few months in a jurisdictional dispute over the warehousemen. This week news came which indicates that Dave Beck of Seattle, the A. F. of L. boss on the Pacific Coast, has suffered a crushing defeat in his efforts to force the warehousemen away from the CIO longshoremen's union and into the A. F. of L. For a month the San Francisco harbor has been partially tied up by a strike of the A. F. of L. teamsters' union, supported by the A. F. of L. sailors' union, and all the while Beck has been attempting to recruit members for a new warehousemen's organization under A. F. of L. domination. These members, he hoped, would leave the CIO union to join his group when they saw the A. F. of L.'s power in the San Francisco harbor. The strategy depended, of course, upon the strength of the teamsters' picket lines. Now it is reported that the teamsters have revolted against the A. F. of L. officials who called the strike and ordered the picketing, that a CIO movement has gained impetus within the teamsters' union itself and that they are back working on the docks, their walkout voluntarily defeated. As an excuse, the A. F. of L. announces a "truce," arranged at the behest of the Farmers' Association, to aid the business interests hampered by the shipping tie-up. Dave Beck, however, knows that he has suffered a defeat so serious that it may ruin his plans to become the dominant labor figure on the Pacific Coast.

Add Hypnotic Effects

A professional magician named Dunninger performed an experiment in remote-control hypnotism in New York the other day. One Louis Nelson was shown a photograph of Dunninger and at the same time listened to a phonograph recording of the magician's voice telling him that he was getting sleepy, getting sle-e-py. In no time at all, Mr. Nelson was fast asleep. We referred this matter to our Susceptibility Editor, who tells us that Dunninger's feat is nothing, just nothing. Why, said our editor, warming up to the subject, he himself can get distinctly drowsy merely from reading in the newspapers a brief account of a speech by Bishop Manning or Nicholas Murray Butler or the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, without the aid of any photograph or phonograph or revolving light, or anything. Merely to pass a theatre lobby with a picture of Myrna Loy, he said, throws him into a day dream lasting hours, during which he crosses streets against the light and wears his hat on the side of his head. As for a moving picture of Ginger Rogers, complete with sound track, it affects him so that he forgets where he is, sits through several screenings, and offers to fight the ushers when they try to put him out so they can close up for the night.

News Notes of a Week

England and France sent a note to Italy this week. While its contents were not revealed, it was described as virtually an ultimatum in regard to Italy's course in Spain. Gossip of diplomats said that as a quid pro quo, Great Britain was prepared to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia. . . . Terrorism in Palestine resulted in sharply repressive measures by the British. . . . The weakness of the French franc continued, and government domestic policy moved somewhat to the Right. . . . A campaign was launched looking toward prohibition in India. . . . The British Labor Party was modified to decrease the power of the trade unions and increase that of the local party organizations, which means a move somewhat toward the Left. . . . In the United States, President Roosevelt concluded his swing across the continent. . . . The American Bar Association met in Kansas City in its customary Tory mood. . . . Gang-

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sters in New York defied the authorities by shooting down two men who had been valuable witnesses in the racket investigation. . . . In protest against the high price of meat, a large number of kosher Jewish butcher shops in the same city were closed. . . . The voluntary registration of the unemployed will take place the middle of November.

A Klansman on the Court?

MR. JUSTICE BLACK'S response to the charge that he once was, and perhaps still is, a member of the Ku Klux Klan is a statement that will be partly reassuring and partly disappointing to liberal-minded Americans. The reassuring part confirms the opinion which The New Republic held of him when he was nominated for the Court. He begins with an avowal of loyalty to the constitutional safeguard of "complete liberty of religious belief" and denunciation of any "movement or action by any group" inconsistent with this right. He deplores religious discord and antagonism. After reference to the Klan, he repeats the same opinions. He points to his public record in the Senate as a refutation of the charge that he is guilty of racial or religious intolerance. He states that many of his friends are Negroes, that he has watched the progress of the race with sympathy and admiration, and believes that colored people are entitled to full constitutional and legal protection. He also avows his friendship for Catholics and Jews.

These statements, which we believe to be sincere and in accord with Mr. Justice Black's public record, are as complete a repudiation as can be imagined of the teachings and activities of the Ku Klux Klan. They supply an assurance that he will not, as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, act like a Klansman or anyone tainted by the Klan's beliefs. The rights of racial and religious minorities ought to be safe in his hands.

But the other part of the speech is less satisfactory. It is so partly because the facts are damaging. About fifteen years ago Mr. Justice Black did join the Klan. To be sure, he later resigned and never rejoined. He does not and never has considered "the unsolicited card given to me shortly after my nomination to the Senate as a membership of any kind in the Ku Klux Klan. I never used it. I did not even keep it." He has completely abandoned the Klan and all association with it. Nevertheless he did join. Why, in view of opinions and actions totally contrary to the implications of Klan membership, did he do it? He does not explain. And why, when the President decided to appoint him, or at the very least when his nomination was being considered by the Senate and the charges were made, did he not make a clean breast of the facts and offer his views on the subject? Again, he does not explain. He leaves us to draw the obvious inference that there are no creditable explanations.

Only three reasons seem to us possible to assign for the Justice's apparent inconsistency. One is that, at the time he joined, he did not entertain his present liberal beliefs, but that growth and experience have subsequently converted him. That has happened to many persons, and no one can be condemned for a change in attitude, especially if it be in the right direction. Embarrassing as the admission of such earlier folly might have been, it would at least have thrown less discredit on his motives than his present silence in the matter. We find it difficult to believe that this is what happened. A second, even more incredible explanation would be that when he joined, he did not know the real principles and activities of the organization, and that he withdrew in horror when he discovered them. But the Klan at that time was a public issue of the first importance; to admit that he did not know what it was and what it implied would be to admit that he was politically moronic. The third and remaining explanation is the only one that makes sense to us—that he joined the Klan without taking its principles seriously or intending to be an active Klansman, but simply to advance his political fortunes, much as candidates join the Elks or Masons. Such an explanation would be, as The New Republic said editorially in its issue of September 29, an extenuation of his behavior, but it would not prevent him from cutting, as we said in the same editorial, "a sorry figure." Political expediency is also the only reason that can be advanced for his failure to take the President or the Senate into his confidence before the appointment was made or confirmed.

The new member of the Court, if this analysis is correct, is therefore not a Klansman but simply a politician. What he has done is the sort of thing that American politicians have frequently done. Many former members of the Court have been politicians in their time. Many politicians, too, have stooped to shady political practices not merely to elevate themselves but in order to advance what seemed to them noble purposes To say that this is a common practice is not to condone it. We do not intend to assert, as some of our critics accuse us of having done, that the end justifies the means. But it is equally illogical to hold, as these critics seem to do, that ignoble means necessarily vitiate a good end. One can be glad that Mr. Justice Black is now a liberal and a progressive, while regretting at the same time that he has used illiberal methods to gain his prominence. It is of course necessary also to hope, with some trepidation, that his record does not give evidence of any deep-seated infirmity of character that will endanger his conduct of the judicial position.

Finally, one can say that the charges against him came with little grace from those who in their way have been as illiberal and unprogressive as the Klan itself. Here again, The New Republic has been accused of the fallacy of *argumentum ad hominem*, as if we had been trying to prove that the charges were false by the character of those who made them. That was not the point at all; the probable truth of the facts alleged was admitted. Rather the question

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was raised whether there would be any benefit for liberalism if those who were more reactionary than Mr. Justice Black should, by attacking him as a Klan member, gain from the incident political power to stem court reform. To use an old saw ourselves, not much is gained when the pot calls the kettle black.

The CIO Advances

THE WEEK when the American Federation of Labor is holding its annual convention seems to us a good time to take a look at the progress of the CIO. Its record both of growth and activity in the past year is without parallel in American labor history. The CIO now claims more than 3,700,000 members; the exact number cannot be given because the people in the field are too busy enrolling applicants to count noses very carefully, and the people in the national headquarters are too hard pressed to check over statistics even if they were available. The figure quoted, however, is not far out of the way.

This membership is divided among some thirty-two national and international affiliated unions and more than 550 local industrial unions directly chartered by the national headquarters. There are seventy-nine Industrial Union Councils, which are state, county or city organizations with delegates representing CIO unions. Three of these are statewide, in Montana, Wisconsin and West Virginia. One represents the two states of Arkansas and Oklahoma. There are also citywide councils in Baltimore, Birmingham, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Louis.

Some of the unions in the CIO are very large. According to its own figures, the United Mine Workers of America, which may be called the parent body since John L. Lewis began in this group, has 600,000. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee has 510,000 and the United Automobile Workers of America, 400,000. The Textile Workers' Organizing Committee has 400,000, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union 265,000 and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America 200,000. The United Electrical and Radio Workers have 125,000, the Transport Workers' Union 90,000, the International Woodworkers of America 100,000 and the United Rubber Workers 75,000. Another million men and women are organized in the maritime trades, oil, shipbuilding, leather goods, mining of metals, vegetable canning, agriculture, retail trades and others. The local industrial unions chartered directly from Washington have more than 200,000 members.

Among the able, experienced heads of CIO unions are such men as David Dubinsky of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Philip Murray of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and Charles P. Howard of the International Typographical Union (not yet formally affiliated but strongly sympathetic). Among the younger men who show promise are Homer Martin of the United Automobile Workers of America, Jacob Baker of the United Federal Workers of America, Harry Bridges of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen, Donald Henderson of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America, Powers Hapgood of the United Shoe Workers of America and Heywood Broun of the American Newspaper Guild.

In view of the frequent reports in conservative papers that the CIO is an enormously wealthy organization, whose many millions are at the disposal of Mr. Lewis to buy champagne and gold-plated bathtubs, it is worth noting that members of international unions pay to the CIO only five cents per month per member. Local industrial unions directly chartered from Washington pay fifty cents per month per member. Aside from the normal overhead of operating an office, practically all funds go for organizing work. There are 500 organizers on the national-headquarters list, and many more are employed by individual unions for their own fields. For example, there are nearly 500 organizers now working for the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. Organizers receive varying rates of pay according to their ability and experience, but $10 a day is the usual maximum and only outstanding individuals receive that much.

Just what the CIO has meant during the past year to the workers it represents would be difficult to say. The estimate has been made that the increase in wages earned by CIO unions amounts to a billion a year, but this is of course only an extremely rough guess. What is beyond dispute is that the right of collective bargaining has been gained in the outstanding anti-union industries of the country: automobiles, rubber, steel and textiles. The first two of these have been thoroughly organized, the third is largely so, and the work of enrolling new union members in the fourth is now in progress. No one who is familiar with the spirit and purposes of the CIO, or with the attitude of the great mass of the workers in the country, can doubt that the next twelve months will see another huge forward stride.

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What's Ahead in the Far East?

WHEN I arrived in Tokyo from North China early in August, nearly a month after the fighting had begun around Peiping, I lunched one day with a group of men from one of the Cabinet ministries. They asked me to estimate how long the war would last. A year, I said; more likely two years, perhaps three years. They all broke into laughter. Plainly I was making a wisecrack. Then I asked them for their estimate. Till October, they said; early in October, some thought; the more cautious said late in October—anyway in October. Early in September, before sailing for home, I saw the same group again. This time it was I who raised the question when the war would end. In October? No. But by the end of the year surely. . . . Which, parenthetically, is as wrong as the first guess.

The contrast tells much. It explains a good deal of the heedlessness with which the Japanese plunged into war and the desperation with which they are waging it. The Japanese had no idea of what they were getting themselves into, and still have none. From the army general staff to the little clerk going home on the Tokyo electric, all Japan had an unquestioning certainty that a clash with China would be a minor episode, unpleasant but slight. China would be given a quick, sharp thrashing and then would see the wisdom of behaving. For it is among the first articles of the Japanese creed that the Chinese can never act in unity; that no army can defeat Japan's; that the Chinese army would not dare to try; and that if by some foolish impulse it should try, it would soon turn tail and run.

If now Japan has resorted to methods of warfare that have shocked the world, it is partly out of pique at the miscalculation and partly out of recognition that the miscalculation may be fatal. For the "hordes of Chinese soldiers" to have withstood the might of Nippon's arms for two months at Shanghai alone is for the Japanese a loss of "face" that has the effect almost of a neurosis. And the loss of face will be a major factor in all future Far Eastern political relations. Japan may defeat China but never again can she cow China as she used to do. The Chinese have learned that they can stand up against armed Japanese. In fact, the Chinese may be a little too bucked up now, so much so that they may be tempted to scuttle their original, sound strategy, which was to fight and retreat, fight and retreat, drawing the Japanese farther and farther in until their lines are pulled out thin and made vulnerable, meanwhile letting the economic stress bear down on Japan at home.

The Japanese are suffering a more tangible loss than face, and one which worries them even more. They are using up men, guns and munitions, and by so much weakening themselves against the rest of the world at a time when all Japanese who can see beyond what they are told in their papers know that they may need as much strength as they can muster. For even the army no longer makes any pretense that it does not fear Soviet Russia. It is now less sure than it was two months ago that the Soviet Union's army is breaking up from within by reason of Stalin's purges—a belief that also had much to do with Japan's decision to risk entangling herself in China.

For Japan, therefore, the time factor has become all-important. She wants a short war (with victory, of course) to restore her self-esteem. She must have a short war in self-preservation. And she will stop at nothing to bring about a quick victory. Therefore she has resorted to mass bombings to break China's "will to resistance." Therefore I believe she will continue to resort to mass bombings or any other measure that will serve the purpose of crushing China quickly. She may give a seeming heed to protests from Europe and America; she may even desist for a time, to let foreign feelings cool and vigilance relax; but she will not desist sufficiently or long enough to hamper her effectiveness.

The desire for a quick victory, brought about by any measures whatever, is now shared by all classes, including those which did not want any adventure in China or even positively opposed such a war. The financial, industrial and commercial classes, which feared a war because they knew what it would do to the Japanese economy, will approve of any means that will serve to crush China, world opinion or no world opinion. Large elements in those classes are, curiously, now more chauvinistic than the army. Their position is simple and not illogical. The war has come; go through with it. Do anything; but finish. If there is any hope at all, it lies in an early conclusion.

Paradoxically perhaps, the same thing is true of the intellectual, liberal, anti-militaristic classes, small as these are. And their position is understandable, if both illogical and pathetic. The army blundered itself into a war, and the Chinese helped the Japanese army by their recalcitrance. Perhaps, too, it is better that the conflict has come instead of smoldering as it has for the last two or three years. Whatever hope there is lies in a quick, decisive victory, after which there can be a comprehensive and lasting settlement with China, a genuine reconciliation. And this class knows enough of history and the world to know that the only basis for reconciliation and a regime of peace for Japan is the evacuation of China after the war. It professes also to believe that the army can be persuaded to evacuate, that is,

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to win and then ask no spoils of victory. The belief is useless and illusory, of course, and the fact that Japanese liberals have no other hope by which to sustain themselves is a sign of how meager is their lot in the Japanese scheme of things. For it is already glaringly obvious that the Japanese army will give up nothing that it wins; had it had any intention of giving up it would never have gone into the war. The "peace-preservation commissions" already established in various parts of North China are not improvised to meet an emergency. They are according to program and they are a portent of China's future if vanquished.

Japan wants and needs a short war, but she will not get it. The big battles may be over soon but not the fighting. I myself think that China's foreign well wishers are a little too confident of the results of guerilla fighting and perhaps a little too casual with respect to its human cost. Neat mathematical demonstrations that China can lose four or five million in guerilla fighting who won't be missed among 400,000,000, while Japan cannot endure very much, may be correct, but they are also inhuman. The Chinese who will die in guerilla warfare, whether as soldiers or as inhabitants of villages that will be blown up as a punitive measure, are people, whereas there is a tendency among China's foreign well wishers to talk about guerilla warfare as if it were conducted with abstractions. Not all Chinese will be willing to die for a cause, and not by any means so many as is confidently expected by foreign sympathizers and Chinese spokesmen far from the lines who are the equivalents of vicariously heroic editors anywhere in any war. Nor can those Chinese who continue fighting do so with bare hands. The economic drain of guerilla fighting is less heavy than that of a highly organized army, and China, which still has a decentralized economy, will feel the economic drain of war less than Japan. Yet China must have a certain minimum of war supplies, and her capacity to pay is not very high—if she has to pay and is not given supplies by some third country that wants to contribute to Japan's exhaustion.

All that con be said with confidence now is that enough Chinese will continue resistance to compel Japan to maintain an army of not many fewer than 500,000 men for a year and a large police force for a long time thereafter; that the cost of provisioning such a force will make Japan for all practical purposes bankrupt in not much more than a year and that she will have to carry on by means of an economic dictatorship exercised by the military; and that the determining factors in the ultimate outcome are the lasting power of China's morale under horrible suffering, Japan's economic lasting power under a stress that is by normal criteria unbearable, and the chances of military intervention by a third power.

I am myself inclined to think the last will be the decisive factor. Thus far only one power comes into consideration: Soviet Russia. The wish is father to the thought in many who are talking with such positiveness about Russian intervention. There is nothing in Soviet Russian diplomatic precedents to encourage expectations of Russian quixotism. The Russians will come in if they have to—if, that is, the compulsion in the Far East overweighs the necessity for caution in Europe. I should say that a quick and decisive Japanese victory over China would make the compulsion in the Far East stronger, for then the Japanese army would proceed to make a clean sweep of the Far East, Outer Mongolia and the Siberian maritime province included. A drawn-out war in which Japan would be nearing exhaustion and perhaps inclined to desperate gambles would probably have the same effect, for that would be Russia's opportunity to redress the balance upset since Japan took Manchuria. Given the whole atmosphere in the Far East, I should say that the chances that Soviet Russia can keep out are not very substantial. There are too many explosives. If the Japanese were diplomatically skillful and capable of grasping the psychology of other nations—both of which they are not—they might succeed in persuading or bribing the Russians to stay out. They might at least conciliate the Russians for a time. But the Japanese can be counted on to antagonize, with or without intent, all those with whom they come into contact.

One thing more should be said. For every other nation the choice is the same as for Soviet Russia. However horrible the war may be in itself and however dangerous to the peace of the world, no intervention is practicable or even possible except by force. The only way to stop Japan now is with an army and navy. Boycotts may satisfy our own souls but they will not serve as a deterrent. They will lessen Japan's chance to win the war but they will not stop the war or even materially shorten it. And what is more likely, they will sooner or later involve the nations that participate in them. The pressure of world opinion will have no effect whatever. The Japanese army and navy are indifferent to world opinion. As for the other Japanese, they will not be allowed to know what world opinion is. A little may seep through to classes not in the know, but too little to matter. It may be unfortunate, but the fact is that there is nothing we can do to stop Japan except to reinforce the Chinese army with men and materials.

Any alternative to letting the tragedy run its course only deepens the tragedy. Whoever can derive consolation from such facts can be consoled by the assurance that the Japanese people will share the tragic consequences in equal measure with all others. Japan may win the war. But she loses anyway. She may dictate the peace treaty and occupy half of China, but she will be weaker than she was before July 7, 1937, so weak that her future is in jeopardy. That is certain. What is less certain is whether she will not have dragged much of the rest of the world along with her before she has encompassed her own undoing.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

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The Little Flower of City Hall

ON NOVEMBER 2, the citizens of the five boroughs of New York City will go to the polls and reëlect, unless all the political auguries are wrong, Fiorello H. LaGuardia as mayor. It will be an upset in one sense. Never before —at least in New York—has a reform administration been able to succeed itself in office. It is comparatively easy to fan up public indignation over political machine rule and keep it blazing long enough to register a single defeat against it; but it is difficult for a reform administration to perform well enough in office to keep its achievements up in bold relief before the public eye.

New York has grown calloused and indulgent, through the years, over the way its government has been run. Everybody has known in a general way the facts about the waste and corruption, but people have assumed that it was quixotic to expect anything different and better. Tammany's rule was unspeakable, but could you be sure that the reformers were not just more of the same, and perhaps not quite so smart? There was even a little feeling of subconscious pride in the fact that New York's political crooks were the slickest and the best-dressed in the country.

It's worth remembering that the stubby Little Flower, who sits in his shirt sleeves at his desk in City Hall, his hair mussed and his mobile face the picture of intense, industrious concentration as he pores over the data for the 1938 budget, has shaken New York City loose from the apathy into which it had fallen. "Good Government" has a meaning today, and there isn't a person who hasn't had personal experience with one or several of its accomplishments. LaGuardia has sent the cynical notions about what it takes to be a successful politician into the category of Old Wives' Tales, and it's at least possible that Tammany Hall and the things for which it has stood are licked for all time. That's probably too much to hope, but at least one thing is sure: the reform administration has set a fast clean pace and one that will require more than just a scuttleful of coal or the promise of a job from those who seek to beat it. It has given New Yorkers a new idea of what they can expect from the men who run their city.

The Men He Works With.—Picking aides who are able to carry out the reform program is, of course, one of the biggest problems. The civil-service personnel should include the big and the small fry alike and, if anything, it gets more and more important as the job gets bigger. Even under Tammany a majority of the jobs the city had to offer were—at least nominally—open only to civil-service appointees. The standards of the civil-service examinations were low, it is true, and there was every sort of misapplication of its merit ideal, but the Commission did function. Only the minor jobs came under its jurisdiction, while positions that entail expert knowledge and executive ability (and consequently better pay) were filled by politicians who probably had little idea of what they were about.

LaGuardia picked as his commissioners in many cases men who had risen through the ranks of their departments, who knew the intimate details of the problems they have to handle. John J. McElligott of the Fire Department, Lewis J. Valentine of the Police Department and John McKenzie of the Department of Docks are all men of this sort—"career" men whom the Mayor has put into positions of high authority. A second type of appointee was the man who, though a recognized expert in the field, had spent most of his life in non-governmental work. These "scientists," drafted from private law practice and from university life, have performed some of the most impressive work of the reform administration. Adolf A. Berle Jr., City Chamberlain, Austin H. MacCormick, Commissioner of the Department of Correction, Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey and Russell Forbes of the Department of Purchase are examples of the sort. It seems obvious and easy to appoint men trained to do their jobs, but for New York City it was a minor revolution.

In all, the city gives employment to about 140,000 people. Out of this number 89,000 are taken from the civil-service lists and almost all the rest are teachers, librarians and museum workers who are picked by special examinations in the departments that employ them. One of the favorite patronage jobs used to be that of Municipal Court clerk at a salary of $3,000 to $4,000. During the LaGuardia administration the 129 court-clerk positions have been added to the civil-service list. The examinations have been stiffened and at the same time they have become more popular. Partly that is because they are held more frequently; partly it is because a civil servant in New York City can now look forward to a rosier future—the possibility of a better job and a better salary.

Public officials in both national and state governments nearly always pay lip service to the civil-service idea. Its extension is included in the platform of all parties. During the turmoil of holding office, however, civil-service reform has been put to one side while other, more immediate, affairs have had the limelight. In the federal government during the past four years, despite the pledges of the Democratic Party platform, the civil service has, if anything, lost ground. That New York City should be advancing along this front, that the need for the

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"scientist" in key positions should be recognized is, to my mind, the most important achievement of the LaGuardia administration.

A New Charter for Home Rule.—Almost nobody can tell you off-hand what the present city charter has to say. As a political document it is a mess. It was imposed upon New York City thirty-nine years ago by the state legislature, a ponderous tome of 400,000 words and 1,500 sections. It was written by the simple method of lumping together the charters of about sixty other cities, preserving in the process most of the sections in each one regardless of their applicability to the peculiar problems of New York City, so that one paragraph, for example, provides that "horses, cows, calves, swine, pigs, sheep and goats may not be kept in lodging houses." There is endless confusion in its organization as well; two sections numbered 900, for example, and two numbered 1,710. More important than its physical defects, the present charter does not provide for a sensible administrative system. It sets up some agencies that are superfluous and omits others that are needed.

The new city charter (44,000 words and 425 sections), which will go into effect on January 1, represents New York's first step toward "home rule." It was drafted by the city administration and through a referendum on petition by 50,000 it may be revised by the voters to keep step with the changing needs of the city. The Board of Aldermen is abolished and in its place a City Council of twenty-nine members (the number may vary) is set up which will be the sole body to initiate legislation. Each of the five boroughs is represented on the Council in proportion to the number of votes it casts in the elections for the councilmen; one for each 75,000 votes cast. The effect of this provision will be to modify the dominance of Manhattan in civic affairs; both the Bronx and Queens will gain added power.

While the City Council is to initiate legislation, the Board of Estimate (the administrative body) must concur on most of the important matters. Two necessary departments are established by the new charter: that of Public Works, to centralize the work formerly done by the Department of Plant and Structures, and that of Housing and Buildings, to coördinate the present work of the tenement-house and building commissioners. In addition, the charter recognizes the necessity for a city-planning commission to direct the activities of all the various departments, to see that services are not duplicated and to allocate functions to the proper city agencies. In the past there has been much waste motion because the City lacked any agency that took a long view of the administration as a whole. All the jobs created by the new charter come under civil-service regulations.

Parks, Pools, Playgrounds, Parkways.—The most spectacular progress the LaGuardia administration has made is certainly the enormous amount of building that has been done to give the New York City child a place to play other than in the street, to beautify and expand the park system and to relieve the traffic congestion that very nearly paralyzes transportation in the busiest areas. A great deal of the credit, of course, must go to Robert Moses, Commissioner of the Department of Parks, who has had long experience in problems of the sort. The money came, however, from federal funds to a large degree and it was LaGuardia in person who went to Washington on several occasions and persuaded the authorities there that his projects were worth the investment.

He gave the necessary support and push to the program that has built 253 new playgrounds, 11 new swimming pools, Orchard Beach, and has rehabilitated Jacob Riis Park. He had the outmoded trolley systems discarded, the tracks torn up and buses substituted in their place, and a new subway begun. He continued the revamping and extension of Riverside Drive, which is now one of the most important routes leading out of the city to the north. There is one material way in which the policy of giving children proper places to play has shown its effect. The toll of death among children has fallen off materially since the playgrounds were put in use. Traffic accidents in the city have been reduced so much that the city is saving about seventeen lives a month.

Slum clearance is an important phase of the building program. Much of the credit goes to LaGuardia for obtaining the first and largest housing project in the United States, the Williamsburg development in Brooklyn, financed by the Public Works Administration. Some of the tenants have already moved into Williamsburg houses, which, when completed, will provide clean, modern homes for 1,662 families at rentals ranging from $4.45 a week for two rooms to $6.61 for five rooms. Harlem Houses, a similar project and also financed by the PWA, was recently completed and will take care of 574 families.

The work in housing that the city has done so far barely dents the surface of the need that exists today and grows ever more acute. There was a time when the New York City slums were confined, at least so far as the public believed, to the lower East Side of Manhattan. Now, because of the gradual deterioration of buildings that were at least sanitary before and because of growing congestion, there are bad slum sections in every borough. You can get a pretty good idea of the demand for low-cost housing from the statistics on the applications for apartments in the Williamsburg development: almost 19,000 families have applied for the 1,662 available homes. The housing the city has provided thus far is hardly more than an appetizer, but it gives an encouraging picture of what the new housing-development plan may serve up in the future.

Both building and development have received a lot of publicity, as they richly deserve, but they are less important as a LaGuardia achievement than a number of the other things he has done, especially his appointment of experts in the city's key positions.

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Most previous administrations have done well in the field of material improvement; none has succeeded before in fighting the patronage system.

For Law and Order.—Everybody knows by now about the remarkable record Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey has made for himself by smashing one after another of the highly organized New York City rackets (the vice ring, restaurants, poultry, the numbers game, flour-trucking, artichokes, grapes, fish and now the bakeries), by conducting investigations so systematically and well that every time a Dewey grand jury has indicted, a conviction has followed. The office of District Attorney has been filled by a political appointee for twenty years and it still is, in Manhattan as well as in Brooklyn. Those were two offices that resisted the Fusion tide in 1933 and remained in the hands of the old regime. Oddly enough, both were involved in scandals during the first two years of their terms. The Governor intervened in Manhattan and Dewey was given a special appointment to do the work that William C. Dodge neglected. Graft and the warfare of racketeering gangs have been eliminated to a large degree, but a tremendous clean-up job still must be done. The effects of two decades of political management of the District Attorney's office have been deeply impressed upon the citizens of New York City. By the time Dewey took over the job, public distrust of the integrity and ability of the police department and its directors made it well-nigh impossible to persuade the racketeers' victims to give evidence. Many of them felt it was better to go on paying tribute to the rackets than to take their troubles to the police and run the risk of gangster revenge. This feeling persists, though until the Gapel murder none of the Dewey witnesses had been attacked for his testimony.

On January 24, 1934, a raid conducted by the Department of Correction on the Welfare Island prison revealed unbelievable corruption and exposed the convict domination of the institution. Joey Rao, who had been sentenced because of his gangster activities, was operating as tidy a system of rackets as you could imagine. The negligence of the previous administrations had allowed Joey and his sort to turn the prison into a comfortable lodging and a substantial source of income. Austin MacCormick, Commissioner of the Department, swept the island clean, tore down the rotten prison building and started construction on the new one that is to take its place. The Rikers Island prison (which cost New York City taxpayers $2,000,000 more than it should have) was rehabilitated, the Tombs and Raymond Street jails will be scrapped, and new ones built to take their place. The Woman's House of Detention has been humanized. Of especial importance is the new approach that has been adopted towards inmates of the city prisons. They are now treated as individuals suffering from individual maladjustments; they are given a chance to educate themselves for a place in the city's honest affairs.

Health and a Healthy Credit.—The Department of Health has been reorganized to bring the city's health services into each of thirty local districts. Every one, when the project is completed, will have its own Health Center and already ten of the buildings are in operation. Decentralization is necessary because of the natural reluctance of the poor, when under medical care, to travel a long way from their homes for treatment. The City is conducting the biggest drive against disease (especially tuberculosis, pneumonia and the venereal diseases) in its history. New methods of diagnosis and treatment are being employed, nine new clinics for the treatment of venereal disease have been completed since 1933 and twelve new child-welfare stations are being built (the first four are scheduled for completion this year). Much of the revenue for the expanded health program has come from the increased income from Department permits. The increase has been effected by a more businesslike system of fee collection and in spite of the fact that only half the fee is now being charged to the small businesses such as barber shops, beauty parlors and restaurants. Because of efficient administration, too, the service of the Health Department has been enlarged while its budgetary allowance of about $4,725,000 has remained the same as it was in 1933.

When the reform administration came into power the credit of the city was shattered. The city bonds, with a par value of $100, were selling in the 70's. The budget was $30,000,000 out of balance and the banks were charging interest rates of about four percent on loans to the government. It would have been impossible to carry on LaGuardia's program of municipal reform had the finance problems not been cleared up. But the budget was balanced, the bonds have risen now as high as $124, the reserve fund the bankers required against their loans has been reduced from $50,000,000 in 1933 to $12,000,000 in 1937 and the interest rate on borrowing is down to about one percent. Of course, LaGuardia was forced to raise taxes in the city substantially in order to balance the budget and at the same time advance on his program. It is well to remember that the city was faced with a tremendous relief problem and that the chief item in its budget was the service charges on the debt burden the Mayor inherited.

Big savings have been effected through centralized purchasing. New York City spends about $25,000,000 a year on 65,000 assorted commodities ranging from thumb-tacks to steam-rollers, and formerly purchases were made and contracts awarded by the separate departments. Now there is a single purchasing agency buying supplies for all the branches of the government (with the exception of the New York Supreme Court and the boards of Elections, Water Supply and Transportation). Competition among the vendors has increased enormously, the city benefits on the reductions on unit cost through bulk purchase and is obtaining better service in general. Twenty-seven thousand dollars was saved, for example, on the printing bill for one year, even

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though the single contract was awarded to the same concern that the various departments had previously employed. Centralized storage for the city's supplies has made possible better allocation of its purchases, inventories have been reduced and a sizable income is derived from the public sale of unnecessary or out-of-date surpluses.

Flies in the Ointment.—You have to leap along over the high spots in an article of this kind and talk arbitrarily about the things that seem most important. It would be perfectly possible to start where space forces me to leave off, and make a very presentable list of LaGuardia achievements without mentioning any of the items I have talked about. The other difficulty is that when you get through cataloguing the Mayor's work (even a partial list), it must sound as though New York City is the best possible town in the best possible world. LaGuardia has stopped short of a number of his goals, and had he reached them there would still be room for years and more years of public service of the same sort. By then it would be time to sit down and work out a plan for what New York really needs. LaGuardia promised transit unification, a municipal power plant, a municipal art center, and he has been forced to delay or retreat on all three. In all the fields where progress has been made, there are only beginnings. The important thing is that for the first time in a long time we have had a city administration capable of starting out on the hard path towards good government. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Some Southwestern Poets

The Southwestern poets included in this brief selection are not necessarily the only Southwestern poets, nor are they to be taken as fully representative of the entire Southwestern region. Owing to the lack of information concerning certain regions (e.g., *Texas*) *which are Southwestern, and to exigencies of space, other excellent Southwestern poets could not be included. Nevertheless, it is felt that the works here presented are characteristic of the best poetry now being written in that region, and since the region itself is insufficiently known to the public, the publication of this brief selection is thereby justified. The characteristics of the Southwestern poet may be stated as being: direct, concrete presentation of the subject; a sense of awe and mystery before nature's manifestations, which is half-pagan and half-religious; the pervasive influence of Mexico, and of the American Indian. Thus the Southwestern poet differs on the one hand as much from the younger Southern poets, who try to state their themes solely by indirect implication, us from the New Englanders or the Middle Westerners, with their varying kinds of realism; or from the proletarian poets, with their atmosphere of social protest.*—JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Southwest Wisdom

The Utahn knows it in his copper canyons
the Arizonan under thrust sahuaros.

Deserts devour you unless you devour them,
unless you digest them with alfalfa, or grain, or mines.
The Indians feel this, but they feel it differently:
they eat their desert with their feet; they champ the ground;
their dancing is a feast with the teeth of the spirit,
to grind the harsh infertile into fertility
soft as the rustle of cornfields in August moonlight.
Only, perhaps, the passengers do not know it,
who carry luscious Iowa plains in buses
or drone on a tri-motored wind to California:
there is much to be done where deserts must be eaten,
much work; whether with a spade; or a steam-shovel
darting its dinosaur maw; or a fox-tailed hope
of rain coming in miracles; or under
the terrible, tenuous, marvelous jaws of the mind.

Kit knew it, and Popé; Brigham and Coronado.

In the Chiricáhwas are brooks and valleys of sycamore
white-boned at rest among saffron-lichened pinnacles;
in autumn, garlands cast in the red-hot iron of chiles
burn on the 'dobe walls in Rio Arriba;
tithes swell from the many-married fields of Deseret;
and luck will wink non-gold-redeemable smiles in Reno.
But all around prowls the sandy-furred cougar
desert, with claws alert for the kill.
Kill down the claws; file hard; work first; work deep:
for sycamore's rare, and copper runs down, deep down.

The Nevadan knows it among the dives of Las Vegas,
and the New Mexican even in his gentlest mañana.

AXTON CLARK.

Tezcatlipoca

He who must be sacrificed
shall have garlanded girls
and their soft breasts
under his desperate fingers
in the deep night.

He shall be
the most beautiful of the young men,
his loins firm. His manhood shall be garlanded.
There shall be flower wreaths in his dark hair.
He shall be straight as the young reed,
supple and straight as the green reed at the lake's edge.

He whom I have seen,
the beloved, the young god,
more beautiful than the morning,

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gold as the sun in the new leaves,
he who walks maize-crowned,
and the cocks' feathers blown in his long hair,

shall go up to the sun at last,
ascending the temple on the last day.
Slowly the flutes shall be broken on the stone steps,
the thin, sweet music.
At the last step the breast shall yield up its heart to the sharp knife.
His blood shall stream on the gray stone.

In that moment the sap shall quicken in the branches.
Under the earth the roots of the grass shall tremble.
The four maidens weeping at the lake's edge where he left them
shall feel their breasts warm as though his hand still touched them,
shall feel the weight in their loins of a new life stirring.

PEGGY POND CHURCH.

Lines

Is not a man what he loves—
growing towards it at least—
Becoming what to begin with
he was not?

You embody
the beauty I have lived for
and sometimes fought for.

I touch my wish
and I am young again;
I long to have it always
and I am old.

HANIEL LONG.

The Wild Children and She

(For a white girl who taught among the Chickasaws in 1857)

Now they are running with the wind,
The wild children and she;
For they have put away books from mind,
And follow home a honey-bee;
She has forgotten her far-off kind;
They have found the honey-tree.

It is twilight; under the tree, dark;
They are fed on golden food;
They lie on warm grass beneath the arc
Of heaven's sound-lit solitude;
And she tends now the musical spark
Human in her brown brood.

Lonesome, becoming lonesomer,
The wild children and she;
What if an old love ache in her,
As she murmurs poetry?
Soft are the poet's words that stir
The wild hearts at her knee.

The wise owls wake before the dawn,
The tired stars shake when they hear;
Swift the wild children and she are gone
In the change and chill of air;
Where they have risen, day shines upon
Dewy wild deer-bells there.

WELBORN HOPE.

Highway West

Great cities rose to meet us from the plain,
And swam along beside us for a while.
Like them we tried to climb into a sky
That fell away from us with every mile.

Always the empty road, and in our eyes
The ache of distance, in our minds a blank;
The rushing in our ears of wind like waves,
As miles flowed over us until we sank.

B. A. BOTKIN.

No Music

Death and no music
But wind dying,
The dust of walls,
The long halls
Of the once immortal
Here are skulls,
The teeth of an ass,
The long jawbone
Of one whose empire
Was the world.
Hail, Caesar!
My heel salutes thee.

Strike fire, strike storm:
Steel and forgotten trumpets.
And the stink of legionaries
And Keats coughing blood upon his pillow.
And Death, O Mother Death,
Come quietly, come gently,
And in this street,
Long and empty,
Let me walk silently,
Alone,
Unheard,
Unremembered.

Death and no music.

GENE SHUFORD.

Arkansas Red Haw

Scarlet at stream's edge,
Bright 'gainst the brown of the swamp,
The haw flares up at sunset;
By the roadside chill and damp,
It breathes its will
From spikes thick-berried across,

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As in the bygone years, to still
Our bodies' aching loss.

"Drops of blood you shed for the South.
Swaggering hope you gave to the South,
See, here the blood is shed again!
Here I am holding
Stiff savage arms against this ancient winter;
Myriads of other men have marked my cold red clusters;
But they could not escape, nor will you avoid this pain."

Silver, slate-blue the cloud,
Cloak caught by spurs of thunder,
Rides upward 'gainst the north
In late November; under
Its folds there blaze the haws.
Like tattered lace they flame;
Would you rise from the grave to mock us,
You who have not a name?

"Bone and blood deep-forged by the South.
Life left wasted by the South,
Ruinous ghost that walks the South,
Here is the fruit you have always known;
Scarlet unearthly berries,
Late snow of cotton left rotting in the fields;
Let the plow and the spade go rusty,
The grave will soon take you and all your vain hopes home."

Darkened the thicket now,
Snow drops its faint wreath far down the western sky;
Twilight is lowered
Over the hill where so many men found dignity to die;
And the slow smoldering winter
Turns over its burning heap of leaves and dried grasses again;
Night runs over the furrow
To the tune of slow plash of rain;

"Lost, rutted roads that ran to the South,
Clay hills and pines at the edge of the South,
Trails where the cannon once fled;
By the cold breezes
And raindrops that ran down the branches,
Here is hard living
Since so many hopes, sprung from the soil, lay long forgotten and dead."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Art Treasures and the Spanish War

The Loyalists Guard Their Inheritance

IN THE Tory Clubs of London it is a traditional commonplace to assume that in every revolution, the side dubbed the Reds takes a fiendish pleasure in wrecking churches, burning pictures and destroying art for the destruction of art's own sake. Actually, this argument, in so far as it is justified at all, rests on a confusion. It is true that "mobs" have burned down buildings, wrecked images, destroyed the Bastille, sacked the palaces of the rich, burned churches in Spain: yet, except in cases of criminal looting, the "mob" always destroys things not because they are given three stars for beauty and historic interest in Baedeker but because they symbolize tyranny, injustice and superstition. On the other hand, it has for long been the privilege of the ruling classes and of the Church to persecute and destroy art because it was naked, intellect because it was critical and intelligent. The Nazis burn books because they represent the freedom of the spirit: the so-called Reds in Spain have burned churches because they symbolized the tyranny of the spirit by material interests.

Yet in the reactionary press, churches which have been used by the Fascists as fortresses and armories acquire a sudden esthetic value when the Reds attack them. I am sure there is no member of the Carlton Club who does not believe from the bottom of his heart that all the churches destroyed by the anarchists in the Spanish civil war were as extraordinarily beautiful as they must also have been extraordinarily antique.

The fact is that even in the early and uncontrolled stages of the Spanish Revolution, the parties on the government side showed far greater discrimination in their treatment of historic monuments than the German pilots who dropped bombs on Guernica have done. As soon as this first stage of popular indignation had passed, the government supporters collected and saved everything of esthetic and historic interest which they could lay hands on. Ralph Bates described in an article ["Compañero Sagasta Burns a Church," The New Republic, October 14, 1936] how the anarchists who had taken objects out of a church consulted him as to what they should or shouldn't burn. Since the revolution the Spanish people have quickly come to look on the great cultural heritage of the past in Spain as their own. Just as the soldiers are anxious to educate themselves in the trenches, just as the crowds who welcomed the delegates of the International Writers' Congress regarded us not as intellectuals who had come to pay calls on other intellectuals but as their own guests, so, naïvely but confidently, the people now feel that the life of the whole people will be cultivated by the works of art which have become the property of all. When the government appealed that works of art should be saved, the People's Com-

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mittees brought everything, great masterpieces and utter trash alike, to the intellectuals for their approval.

Where then, are pictures from the Prado, the treasures from the palaces and churches of Madrid? They are neither destroyed nor presented to Russia in exchange for airplanes. The pictures from the Prado are in bombproof vaults and cellars at Valencia, each of them packed so as to protect it from damp. Some of them, which are shortly to be transferred to the great exhibition of Spanish Art in Paris, Malcolm Cowley and I saw in the chapel of a seminary at Valencia. The chapel itself was strongly built, but the main arches under which the pictures lay in their packing cases were further strengthened by piles of sandbags lying on pillars of reinforced concrete.

Most astonishing to us was our visit to a church on the outskirts of Madrid, where all the lesser works of art from the palaces and churches have been collected. Beneath the great dome of the church roof we saw a congregation consisting of furniture, tapestry, ironwork, royal coaches, candelabras, fans and a great crowd of saints. Along the passages, in vaults and in chapels, there were thousands of canvases, a varied and unequal collection of ceramics, ivory crucifixes, antique watches, jewelry, fans, and in one vault so many images of saints that we could only make our way through them by a narrow gangway which they had discreetly left. Our guide called this vault the "home of the Quinta Columna" (Fifth Column). But our French comrades lifted their fists in vigorous response to one Saint Anthony whose clenched hand was raised in an eternal *"Salud!"*

Everything in this collection was catalogued, giving the name of the palace or church from which it was taken, as well as the number in the present depositary. Among the pictures catalogued in the cellars of Madrid are twenty-seven Grecos, eight Rubenses, thirteen Zurbarans, fifty-one Goyas, nine Titians, six Tintorettos, six Tiepolos, etc. Many of these have now been discovered for the first time.

After seeing this collection, we left the church and walked a few steps along a glaring road whose dead end was an enormous concrete barricade looking out over the plain where men are now fighting. But not even the endless dull rhythm of artillery, nor the ruined tenements near the Caso del Campo, nor the heroic enthusiasm of the people in Madrid, gave me such an extraordinary vision of the *seriousness* of the defenders of Republican Spain as did the bizarre congregation of irrelevant objects under the great church dome. A people who in the midst of a terrible siege, and when fighting for their lives, can collect and label and treasure all the art which they intend to pass on as a heritage that will liberate the souls of their children—they have a vision of the future and a confidence and a rightness that asserts itself as serenely as the faces of the women of Madrid against all the violence and the calumnies of their enemies.

STEPHEN SPENDER.

The Status of Austria

THE Austrian economic situation provides grounds for a cautious optimism. The half year just closed has probably been the most prosperous period in Austria since the War. There is an air of better times, borne out by statistics. Tourist business has been good; international trade has increased; heavy industries have improved. For the first five months of 1937, imports increased 18 percent over last year; exports jumped 22 percent (the lumber industry alone increased its shipments by 41 percent); and the production of iron ore increased by 37 percent.

But there is another side to the picture. Some of the increase in Austrian trade is caused by armament programs—almost every country in Europe is affected by this flow of raw materials and manufactured goods, in fact. Austrian exports of iron and steel to Japan, for example, are hardly destined to be used for agricultural purposes. Ore from the Erzberg, Austria's famous iron mountain, is finding its way into munitions factories throughout Europe. This is not, however, an indictment of Austria alone: Austria merely shares a little of the international war boom. This accentuates the country's natural recovery from the severe hardships that accompanied the world depression and the collapse of the Creditanstalt.

One significant feature of this economic recovery is the blow it deals to the Nazi claim that Austria cannot live independently. The urge to join the Nazis resulted from desperation and has largely passed. But this does not dispel the danger inherent in Germany's ambition to gain control of Austria. In talking with us the other morning, Chancellor Schuschnigg said: "Better economic conditions have undoubtedly changed a few men from Nazis to good citizens of Austria, but improving conditions have no effect on men who are hungry for power."

The more favorable economic conditions in Austria deter good citizens from joining the Nazis, but they do not deter men like Hitler and Göring from going forward with their attempt to build a vast National Socialist empire in Central Europe. While Austria tries to put her own house in order, troublesome neighbors across the northern frontier are merely waiting for an opportunity to seize it. No informed person in Austria believes that Hitler has experienced a change of heart toward his native land; everyone knows that he is biding his time.

Observers in Vienna are closely watching events in the Mediterranean and the Far East. Should Britain or the Soviet Union become involved in a major war, Hitler would be encouraged to march into Austria or Czechoslovakia, perhaps into both countries. Chancellor Schuschnigg seems to be working skillfully to preserve Austrian independence, but he and his supporters are threatened by international events over which they can have no control.

Vienna. HENRY C. WOLFE.

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Shoot the Works

Commodore Green's Club Almost Lets Down the Bars—But Old Friends Are Best—The A. F. of L. Goes A.W.O.L.

YES, M. W.," said William Green as he turned his back on the passing Fifth Avenue throng and settled more comfortably in his easy chair, "I'll be glad to put the lad up for membership. You tell me he comes from good stock and he was Groton wasn't he? I'll try to get Colonel Frey to second him. His word carries a good deal of weight with the Committee on Admissions and, of course, you understand that it will also be necessary to procure five or six strong letters from the right people. And after that, naturally, the Board of Governors will have to look him over."

"I'll be very grateful, Commodore," answered Mr. Matthew Woll. "You know his maternal grandmother was a Hutcheson."

"I knew him well," replied the old gentleman in the cutaway. "Goodwood," he called to one of the club servants, "bring Mr. Woll another lemon squash. No, Matthew, I insist, I'll sign for this."

Commodore Green watched the buses creep up and down the avenue and stroked his long white mustache reflectively. "I knew Hutcheson back in the days when the club was way downtown," he continued. "Even then he was a tower of strength in the Republican Party, a good man weighing more than two hundred pounds."

The Commodore looked around carefully to see that none of the other members was within earshot. He lowered his voice and spoke behind his hand. "You know he used to be a carpenter. Big Dutch we called him then. A fine solid citizen, but always a sucker for a left hook."

Spurred on by the confidential mood, Mr. Matthew Woll grew bolder. "And didn't you use to be in trade yourself, Commodore? I mean when you were very young."

The face of the president of the club grew icy. "I don't remember," he answered stiffly, and quickly he added, "Shush, here comes Colonel John P. Frey."

A tall man of military bearing approached the group. He was attired in full regimentals and wearing all his decorations. Prominent among them was the yellow ribbon indicating that he was a Chevalier of the Order of Tom Girdler. The gold-encrusted badge of the Knights of the Double Cross was prominently displayed, and a silver crescent revealed that he was also a High Templar of the Legion of Parlor Finks, second class.

He listened without much fervor to Mr. Woll's plea for the young man whom he wished to have proposed for membership.

"You should have been more frank with Mr. Woll, Commodore," he complained. "He might as well know the truth. I am sure, Mr. Woll, that the young man you have in mind would be in every way acceptable, indeed a distinct addition to our little circle. I assume that the Commodore has procured a two-weeks guest card for you. You are eligible to that courtesy once every five years if you live more than a thousand miles from New York and do not come into the premises before eight in the evening. But if you were a member of the club you would realize our peculiar situation, in some ways pleasant and in this instance, I must admit, extremely painful."

Colonel Frey rose to his feet and bowed from the waist. Matthew Woll emulated him and then they both sat down again.

"Mr. Woll," continued the Colonel, "if you will observe the Latin motto above the fireplace I will translate it freely for your benefit. The slogan of the Aristocratic Federation of Luminaries, vulgarly known as the A.F. of L., runs, 'Nobody can join, nobody can help, nobody can hang around.' We are frankly an exclusive organization. Few of us die and none of us resign. The last new member I can remember was taken in more than a quarter of a century ago. He was a young chap named Ralph Easley. He turned out to be too radical. He insisted on trying to discuss economics in the solarium. He had some wild idea about the direct election of United States Senators. Somehow he couldn't seem to grasp the fact that ours is purely a social club. We had to ask for his resignation. If you want my advice I would suggest that you try and get somebody to put up your young friend for the Brook, or the Racquet or the Union. After all, do we really know who he is?"

The face of Matthew Woll registered deep disappointment and Commodore Green sought to give him what solace he could.

"I'm sorry, M. W.," he said, "but it just so happens that Colonel Frey is speaking the truth. I had meant to tell you before he came in. You see the young man you spoke of is already twenty-one or two, as I gather. That's much too late for him to be put up for this club. Our practice here is to have babies proposed at birth or a little earlier. That gives us a chance to watch their development, and it gives them an opportunity in case anything should happen to any one of us. After all, I don't suppose the Colonel and I can go on forever."

"Speak for yourself, William," interrupted the military man sharply. "I dislike cynicism and exaggeration."

"Well, anyhow," said Commodore Green, "that's the way it is, so let's have another lemon squash all around and forget it. Tell your young friend the Century's not a bad club, although a little on the rowdy side."

Twice the Commodore called, "Goodwood! Goodwood!" but there was no response. He smote a silver bell sharply. "If you'll pardon an uncouth expression, Colonel," he said, "the service around here is getting to be perfectly lousy."

"Goodwood," screamed the Colonel, and into the room there walked a waiter in street attire.

"How dare you come into the lounge without your livery?" snapped the Colonel. "Report at once to the chairman of the House Committee."

"That's where I'm going," said Goodwood. "The men have appointed me their agent to bargain collectively, and we are going to strike if we don't get decent working conditions."

Commodore Green turned ashen and spoke in trembling accents. "An organization of workers in the A.F. of L.," he exclaimed. "Colonel Frey, this is the revolution!"

HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Washington Notes

What Are We Going to Do about China?—Boycotts Lead to Sanctions—Do the Voters Dislike the Neutrality Act?

OBSERVERS here begin to feel that they can foresee, not the precise outcome of the struggle in China, but the broad lines along which it will develop. They are not at all sure that the United States will remain apart from it. They think that the situation is far more prickly and dangerous than it was in 1931, when Japan's troops marched into Mukden.

Two developments of the last few days have especially impressed Washington observers. The first is the growing prospect that China, despite her lack of a munitions industry and her lamentable service of supplies, may be able to fight on for many months. Last August, military authorities were predicting a sixty-day war. Now Japanese generals themselves are talking about "next spring" as the time their men will be returning home.

Second, Japan has apparently refused, even in the most secret diplomatic exchanges with European powers, to set limits to her present advance. Before the struggle at Shanghai, Japan's apologists promised that she would be content with the region around Peiping, and that American and European trade in the Yangtse Valley would remain unmolested. Now, in the words of Premier Konoye, Japan's purpose is to beat all China to its knees.

Observers here attach particular importance to the current anti-Japanese tone of the Nazi press. Japan and Germany were only recently linked in a solemn anti-communist pact. It had been supposed here that Japan would take great pains to reassure Germany about the latter's rapidly growing trade interests in middle China. Apparently Japan has not done so, and it is clear that the Germans feel they have been double-crossed.

If it is true that war in the Orient will last through the winter, and will spread deep into China, what policy is the United States likely to follow? Observers here are watching with anxious interest the growth of a spontaneous boycott against Japanese goods in England. Newspaper dispatches last week reported that British buyers were refusing to take Japanese silk, and that silk mills at Macclesfield were operating at capacity to supply English needs. It was also reported that Lord Cecil's great federation of peace societies, the same group that sponsored the peace ballot of two years ago, was discussing a consumers' boycott of all Japanese products.

Should a similar boycott be undertaken in this country, observers think it may profoundly affect our Far Eastern policy. According to stories filtering into Washington during the last few days, a number of American church bodies are eager to launch a boycott movement. A boycott undoubtedly would be backed by American business men for their own selfish purposes.

Most observers are prepared to believe Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull when they say that their Far Eastern policy is on a twenty-four-hour basis. They do not accuse either of them of a fixed intention to evade the 1937 Neutrality Act. Nevertheless, they point out that the longer Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull delay taking action, the greater the difficulties facing them. Once American church leaders have become active propagandists for the Chinese cause, it will take considerable political hardihood to invoke the Neutrality Act. The church lobby is one of the most powerful and militant lobbies in Washington.

It is also true that this country has so far marched step by step with England and the other European powers, and with the League of Nations, in condemnation of Japan. We have taken parallel action in protesting against Japan's assault on Shanghai and her bombing of Nanking. Even now, were we to invoke the Neutrality Act, we would be certain to be accused of deserting the European powers and the League. If the Neutrality Act is not put into effect by the end of the present month, observers doubt if it ever will be.

The incipient anti-Japanese boycott in England and America is taken with great seriousness here because of the possibility that it may point the way to governmental economic sanctions. More than two years ago, when Mussolini was preparing to overrun Ethiopia, Sir Arthur Salter set forth the doctrine that the shutting off of an aggressor country's exports would be not only the simplest, most practicable form of sanctions, but would be almost as efficacious as a complete economic blockade. Once an aggressor country was unable to obtain foreign currencies, it would necessarily be estopped from purchasing supplies of foreign war materials. The writer recalls the intense interest with which Sir Arthur's explanations were studied by permanent officials of our State Department. Our officials were unconcerned about Ethiopia, but they were even then looking ahead to the day when Japan should attempt to invade China proper.

Observers here believe that there is little chance that the United States and England will take positive action of any sort against Japan while the European political situation remains in its present troubled state. It is inconceivable that this country would act without England, and inconceivable that England would act while she felt that she must keep her fleet concentrated in the Mediterranean. But so long as the Neutrality Act is not invoked, observers feel that a popular anti-Japanese boycott represents a highly dangerous tendency. Suppose that, by next spring, the peace of Europe is on a firmer basis, and that Japan is still hammering her way through China with unabated fury. Might not the United States and England—either by themselves or in concert with the USSR and the countries of continental Europe—undertake to back up a popular boycott by official action? Next spring may seem a long way off, but now is the time to look ahead.

The most disturbing thing in the present situation, in the minds of observers here, is the apparent lack of enthusiasm for the Neutrality Act among the voters. Washington is notoriously a bad place from which to judge the temper of the country, but if the mass of voters resent the fact that the Neutrality Act has not yet been invoked, their resentment is not evident here. Except for Senators Nye and Clark, no member of Congress has raised his voice against Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Hull's delay. The metropolitan

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newspapers of the East are definitely hostile to the Neutrality Act, and the newspapers of the Middle West and South seem more concerned about Japanese atrocities than the possibility that, some months hence, this country may be flirting with war. Permanent officials of the State Department, who have always opposed the Neutrality Act, are reported to be greatly cheered by the country's evident apathy. It is a bad situation, and it seems unlikely that anything will be done about it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Is the Administration Encouraging Inflation?—The Federal Reserve Board Reverses Its Policy —Why Was Gold "Unsterilized"?

WHAT has happened along the money lanes these last three weeks is not easy to explain in terms of intent and significance. It all seems to have begun around the second week in August, when the stock market proceeded to show signs of shakiness. By the middle of September it had almost wiped out all the gains of the last two years. Then suddenly the Federal Reserve Board announced that it would set in motion two policies for continuing the easy-money market. It would ask the Treasury to return $300,000,000 of sterilized gold to use in the banking system and its Open Market Committee would start buying short-term government obligations to provide funds for seasonal withdrawals of currency from the banks. The Reserve Board declared it did this to prevent a squeeze. Wall Street said it was done because the administration was frightened by the stock-market decline. What was the reason and what does it all mean?

Since 1933 the Treasury has been buying gold at $35 an ounce as part of the President's price-raising program through money manipulation. It has bought many billions. And it has done this by the simple process of paying for the gold with gold certificates based on the gold purchased. These gold certificates, or their equivalent in Federal Reserve credits, naturally expanded the amount of gold held by the banks and hence increased the gold reserves of the banks. Thus they increased the excess reserves of banks in the Federal Reserve System.

This state of things—these heavy excess reserves—scared the banks and the Reserve Board as well. It is not well for banks to have too large reserves. It leads to runaway bank-credit inflation. These excess reserves were at one time more than three billion dollars. Then the Federal Reserve Board issued an order requiring banks to have larger reserves. This naturally cut the excess reserves, so that by September 8 they were down to $760,000,000, which seems ample.

But just about this time the Reserve Board announced that this sum was too low and that interest rates might move up under the pressure of a tightening money market. The statement was odd, in view of the fact that only a few months before it was worrying about money getting too easy and hence increased the reserve requirements of the banks. And now, all of a sudden, it was equally fretful lest the opposite result appear. Furthermore there was no sign of tight money in private financing operations. Interest rates were at the same low point and rediscount rates were the lowest, perhaps, in the history of the Reserve Banks. At all events, the Board decided to put $300,000,000 worth of "sterilized gold" into the banking system.

Sterilized gold is gold that has been bought by the Treasury by means which prevent it from getting into the banking system. Instead of paying for its gold with gold certificates, the Treasury pays for it with money borrowed from the banks. In that way the Treasury owns the gold outright and merely owes that much more money to the banks. The gold is thus held out of use and is called sterilized. The Treasury, therefore, now proceeded to release $300,000,000 of this gold to the banking system, thus "unsterilizing" it.

At the time this was done, the banks had about $760,000,000 of excess reserves. On September 22 they had $1,020,000,000. The statement that this was done to ease the money market in order to prevent a squeeze must be rejected as one of those diplomatic statements which finance ministers must sometimes make. It is probable that the chief reason was to hold down interest rates, not on private borrowings, but on government financing. The government has had to pay more for its borrowings recently and this expedient was invoked to prevent that sort of thing.

But it is also probable that the stock market was a secondary consideration of a good deal of importance. And if this is true it is a very discouraging phenomenon. It is almost an axiom in public finance that governments cannot be depended on to check inflationary movements. When the Reserve Board increased the reserve requirements of the banks, this was taken as an evidence that this government was prepared to do that difficult thing. But when the Reserve Board took this step it could be done without producing any immediate deflationary effect. It was a more or less brave gesture. The average man was hardly aware of its meaning and many of the larger banks approved the action.

However, in the middle of August a severe stock-market slump began its course. And at the same time there were ominous rumblings reverberating from certain business sectors. The hope of the expected boom was fading away. When the market began to decline, the administration showed very visible signs of uneasiness about it. Administrations may say what they will, they prefer bull markets to bear markets. They like rising stock prices. The market, certainly no sound barometer of business, is nevertheless accepted by the public generally as such. And so, whenever in the days of Coolidge the market took a little slump either Coolidge or Mellon appeared promptly with a reassuring statement for the troubled people. In the same way Mr. Daniel Roper lost no time in telling the nation that all was well and that the now faded boom would presently be revived. And the Federal Reserve Board promptly reversed its sterilization policy for the moment to make money easy again.

It is difficult to escape the belief that this had much to do with the Reserve Board's action. So that it remains to be seen whether or not, when the test comes, this government any more than any other will be able to resist those powerful forces which press for inflation when once that phenomenon gets under way. JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Mr. Fonda and Importations

Blow Ye Winds, by Valentine Davies. Forty-sixth Street Theatre, September 23, 1937.

George and Margaret, by Gerald Savory. Morosco Theatre, September 22, 1937.

French Without Tears, by Terence Rattigan, after an original sketch by G. K. Benda. Henry Miller's Theatre, September 28, 1937.

THE SUBJECT matter of the new play that Mr. Arthur Hopkins presents has American possibilities, no doubt of that. The story turns on a young man whose mother had died before he could know her; whose father, after a wild dream of life, had committed suicide with an overdose of sleeping powder; whose education had been such as our colleges—would it be unkind to mention the fact that it was Dartmouth?—provide and who had come out with strong enough perceptions of fatuity, facility and vacuity to free him, or at least for the time, from social obligations that might hinder his following this round life that he has found and that satisfies him. (In this case it is settling down on his sail boat, the "Borealis.") The theme in itself is a very good one: namely, an American man who for once has arrived at what he wants out of life.

The foil to this personality and habit of living is a young lady who is assistant, or flowering secretary, as it were, to an exigent doctor of significant reputation and government patronage. Examinations are made, statistics are recorded; we shall after this know more of mankind and hence how to proceed. This young lady is played acceptably by Miss Doris Dalton, who accedes to speeches that are difficult to win audiences with—and are for that matter frequently intelligent as to veracity if banal as to flavor—and who is complaisant sartorially, though as often as not in our theatre that means the right hat in the wrong place, shall we say Bergdorf-Goodman in dramatic limbo? At any rate the young-lady scientist from a bureau with a future finds herself aboard a cutter with a present. When Master Fonda deliberately runs into a sandbar—a lighted one at that—she yields to the glamorous night, the romantic surprise, the rash impact of the skipper, the libido, and even the human impulse. Virginity having thus become statistical and love insistent, the story goes on to her return to work, the young man's going to town, marrying her, making friends with the doctor scientist—who turns out to be one of those people successful in what they dislike and one of those gossipy lovers of shore, sea, tugs, trips and adventuring—and accepting a regular job. The young man lands in an office. She is finally almost impossible in his figuring. Things crystallize, he absents himself. The constant lover from these many years wants to protect her; a divorce with cause is needed; she visits the cutter, and what happens is what everybody knew would happen, for love is love. Nevertheless on Monday morning the skipper will return to his office work, for part of the week. Thus are the two saved, in spirit and in self-expression.

The real theme of the play is ultimately not, as has been said, a conflict between the love of a woman and the love of a boat, it is wider than that: it is between life elements. Such themes, whatever their moral or philosophical solutions might be, are solved dramatically only through human personality. Some of Mr. Davies' play is fair enough. Its limitations derive mostly from a certain nervous search for animation. We might even say that were it not for Mr. Hopkins behind it and Mr. Fonda's curiously deep and convincing reality within it, "Blow Ye Winds" would get into the vulgar. Even as the performance stands there are moments of the Times Square punch—enough said. When we stalk the foyers sometimes we understand somewhat the theatre nervousness lest Tom, Dick and Harry and their female counterparts be not sufficiently rejoiced at the production. On the other hand when we watch Mr. Henry Fonda, that progress that he has made, that distinct and brooding accuracy he has achieved, we wonder why we should not trust more to sheer human reality.

Meanwhile we have two English comedies both of which, it appears, have been London successes. The ramifications of a London success, that mélange of theatre, novelty, personalities and who was present—preferably some member of the royal family—is yet another matter. Of "George and Margaret" you may say for the whole company that they work very hard to keep it going. If you survive the first act, with its jests and coquetries, you will experience an evening that, once you relax, you will not find boring. The performers, to begin with, manifest enough of the anxious, affected, solicitous and snippy to give American spectators some illusion of acting, as does that continuous usage, among the more youthful players, of some vowel as in "bah." (Indeed it is surprising what various conjugatings and declensions yield their precision to that single sound!) As stage brilliance, the thing to mention, never too much either, is Miss Gladys Henson's portrayal of the maid who, after the eldest son had wedded the previous one, has been selected by the mistress of the house. Any wordings would merely vulgarize this perfection; the round of applause for Miss Henson showed at least that the theatre does know the difference. A piece of English character acting, and at its best none better.

"French Without Tears" proves to be coy, vivacious and engaging, snapping along with masculine vanity and the feminine accessories it sometimes requires, an effect of male flirting that above all others the London theatre can produce. This flirtation is not with young ladies merely; everyone is in a general state of exhibitionism and coquetry; the subjective and the self-conscious are in evidence. This, combined with the comedy intention, zips matters up to the obliging animation of house-party theatricals; the effect is not only one of good after-dinner entertainment but also of sprightly humor, hospitality and whimsy.

The company for "French Without Tears" is well chosen; Miss Penelope Dudley Ward is good, and so is Mlle. Porey as her Latin competitor. M. Marcel Vallée as the French teacher and head of the establishment is excellent, and for esthetic purposes serves, as compared to the London actors, to illustrate the difference between a role played with a firm outline and one that remains spasmodic and personal, however engaging. Mr. Frank Lawton, in the leading role, plays with much intelligence and assurance, though the technical problems that Mr. Hubert Gregg solves in his performance are both more difficult and more profoundly expressive of dramatic character.

The position occupied by Mr. Gilbert Miller as producer of this importation invites some further comment. Mr. Ashley Dukes, whose contributions as English editor

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to Theatre Arts Monthly manage to present an impression of candor without rudeness and of point without reproach, has something to say about that in the October issue. Of "Victoria Regina" he says that it is "the creation of a Liberal intellectual who knows nothing about the contemporary stage and cares less; it is quite disarmingly old-fashioned in approach and treatment as well as in subject matter. . . . The question is why Gilbert Miller should be allowed to have his present intelligent monopoly of Anglo-Saxon relations in the field of drama. . . . From the normal Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue standpoint, he is organizing it skillfully and with great success. . . . It would be foolish to call him commercial and leave it at that; all good theatre production can and ought to be commercial. What appears to be needed is a little vigorous competition in the field he has made his own, with plays of another character that are not only being written but performed successfully in New York and London without contriving to find their audience in both cities." Mr. Dukes then suggests a number of such plays.

We should, nevertheless, return to Mr. Henry Fonda's acting, which now has arrived where it can knock most stage playing, charming and opportune and profitable as it may be, into a cocked hat. Perhaps we judge this to be true by the overtone, the shadow, the continuous line that he has got into his performance. Perhaps it is because, also, he shows us that the most expected version, the most effective, the most lively, an actor can give has within it, when it is really significant, some vital authenticity, surprise and, especially so in his case, inner variety. STARK YOUNG.

Cagney: Great Guy

IT WAS just four years ago, when I hadn't been going to movies very much, that I stopped around to see "Footlight Parade" and made the happy discovery of James Cagney. He had been known to almost everybody else before that in heavier roles ("Public Enemy," for instance), and before he was well known at all he had been doing bits in pictures. But in this one he happened to be cast as the original Cagney, the hoofer and general vaudeville knockabout. The story had him drilling a line of girls, stomping out the routines and cracking around like the end of a whip, and even the presence of Dick Powell could not dim that vitality and flow of motion, and a grace before the camera that puts him in the company of the few who seem born for pictures.

It was a sunny introduction: seeing him you couldn't help feeling better about the industry—or the state of the nation for that matter. Because through this countrywide medium and in spite of whatever its story was about, this half-pint of East Side Irish somehow managed to be a lot of what a typical American might be, nobody's fool and nobody's clever ape, quick and cocky but not too wise for his own goodness, frankly vulgar in the best sense, with the dignity of the genuine worn as easily as his skin.

Since that time it has come out plainly that this character was no delusion of the flickers, that there was conscious purpose behind it. Once he was a star, Cagney used a star's privilege to tell them what was in character and what wasn't—gently, though, and with tactful stratagems, for he is no sea-lawyer (you will remember from the screen his trick of speaking more softly the more violent he gets). They wanted him to enounce with measure and dignity, now that he'd got to be a star on them; so he had to explain that the characters he was portraying never knew anything about this enounce, measure, etc.; and an actor should be in character, shouldn't he? So they finally had to skip that. For "Jimmie the Gent" he got his head shaved and reported for work. The director was scared to death of shooting him that way (Ah, he kept saying with a slight accent, my main love interest should open with a head like a pig's-knuckle?); and lord knows what the office would do. But Cagney gentled them and squared it with everybody—and anyway they couldn't hold up work while his hair grew—and managed to bring out a story about a thug who chased ambulances or sneaked up on dead horses or something, giving it the works. And if this wasn't the fastest little whirlwind of true life on the raw fringe, then I missed the other. When the picture "Here Comes the Navy" came out, the New York heavy lads naturally placed it for an incentive to imperialist war—Cagney had been so neat on his feet that only the common citizens got the obvious point of this bantam-weight taking his blithe falls out of the stooge tradition of the United States Navy itself.

In such seemingly little ways he has managed to ad-lib, shift emphasis and bring out his own relief. But behind that is the basic appeal he has for the audience as a person—under all that tough surface and fast talk people glimpse a sweet clarity of nature, a fellow feeling and rightness and transparent personal honesty. It makes all the difference in the world, and when he rips out a statement you sense without stopping to question that it is the living truth spoken through him, and not a line rehearsed and spoken on the set any longer. His screen life is not a natural autobiography, not something he just fell into. He is not a mug but one of the intelligent few; he isn't a perpetual handspring but a man with a troubling illness; his conversation is more a subdued questioning than a bright explosion of syllables; and while he swings all the punches in his stories he has been taking plenty on the chin in all these actual years, from down-under to up-on-top; no one can help wondering if the ship isn't sinking when Jimmie Fiddler creeps off over the ratguards to write a patronizing Open Letter from awfully safe ground). Don't think because he didn't produce "Hamlet" on Broadway last year that Cagney is automatically himself; and therefore no actor. His art is in an intense projection of those qualities within himself which he feels to be honestly representative of something, and in the fact that while all that rapid fire and assurance and open charm are enough to take the audience anywhere he wants to go, he has a guiding notion of where he's going.

Since blowing up on the Warners more than a year ago, he has made two modest semi-independent pictures. "Great Guy" was all right, but all right for a Class-B picture only, and it is hard to think of Cagney except on the top. The new one, "Something to Sing About," is a different thing and about the happiest experience we've got in the last few months, what with all the lavish splashes and worthy wordage.

It's just about Cagney as a performing band leader who goes to the Coast on contract for one film. If I told the whole story I'm sure anyone could stop me because he'd heard it—they don't dare tell the boy how good he is, which

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he only finds out when the girl he's left behind him comes out for a honeymoon, and then his marriage has to be covered up for publicity purposes, which leads to domestic misery and a final happy finale with the band back home. But this story is less story than business, and the business is subtle, pointed and meaty. For the producer and press-agent (respectively) they have a couple of my favorite seasoned troupers, Gene Lockhart and William Frawley, who either catch the spirit of the thing or had the spirit bred into their bones. There are also the director, who is able to act like a director, the three fates from the departments of elocution, make-up and tailoring, and the Jap valet who speaks better English than any of us and originally had the acting ambition, now hidden behind a prop accent (Sank you, please).

The romance element is not helped by the girl Jimmie is supposed to go for like pups for biscuit, played by Evelyn Daw, a "find" who would be a mild sensation as typist on a WPA project but is fazed by the camera (not that she is afraid of it: there are times when she seems about to chew the hood), with a cute twitter of walking knock-kneed and a jaw always there ahead of her, the little-girl's voice pinched up under her nose, etc. (oh it isn't her fault, poor girl, but neither is it ours). But in the way the rest of it is worked out there is enough snap and good fun about the movies to make it go.

It is likely that Cagney was responsible for a lot of the spoofing ("I've heard all I want to about Robert Taylor") and someone with union experience was certainly behind that comeback to the four-weeks-vacation offer: "Four weeks *successively?*"—and the Goldwyn producer answers with majesty, "Successively and positively." The fight is one of his favorite subjects: how to set the camera and throw a punch that will miss by millimeters, the precautions to take with green actors. Then his line about, Do these heavies understand this swing-to-miss stuff? You know him—Johnny Come Lately; he just doesn't want to be the only one around there playing house. And the business of the Hollywood double-take, the triple-take, the triple-take with a slow burn and the one-eye fadeaway, is brilliant.

Except for the scenes of the gang around the camera and boom, the actor on the set, the jam in the cutting room—the most quietly natural I've seen—and for bits like the cut in rhythm from the rushing minor thirds of the band to the westbound limited, the direction was run-of-the-mill and sometimes ham—Victor Schertzinger being still punch-drunk no doubt from the film he did with the great Grace ("Moo-moo") Moore. The good time comes from the feeling that they had a good time making it, that Cagney said, Let's put this in and everybody said, Why not, and they worked it out, a black eye for authority here, a bit of fun at their own expense there. The independence and small budget gives them more leeway and genial leisure, and perhaps we ought to have more of the same (though it is true that Cagney's best film was made in the mass-production pattern: "Ceiling Zero," still one of the finest).

I think much can be done by good people who break away and bring the industry up short by independent accomplishment. But when all is said and wherever he is, Jim Cagney is bound to shape up as a regular great guy you'd like to have around the house or on any job you're doing. Would anyone argue that in the sacred fields of art there is no room for such?

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Duce says Italy, Reich, want lasting peace, and will march together, rifles on shoulders.—*The headline on a Berlin dispatch in The New York Times.*

The Japanese Army's inability to advance as scheduled at Shanghai is said to be the result of the defenders' lack of knowledge of military tactics. They do not know when they are outmaneuvered or whipped.—*From a Shanghai dispatch to The New York Times.*

He who lacks many things he wants, has just that many reasons to be grateful—there is so much more for him to look forward to.—*A message printed on the pay envelope of Bullock's, a leading Los Angeles department store, given with pay checks to employees.*

The liberation of the press from the freedom of the press is one of the greatest historical deeds National Socialism and Fascism have accomplished. They for the first time have made a breach in the wall of international war propaganda.—*A statement by Otto Dietrich, Nazi press chief, from a Berlin dispatch to The New York Post.*

HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF WATER

Asserting he wanted "to say something in defense of the state of Florida," F. W. Wiggins, sent here by Gov. F. J. Cone to bring Hill back, testified at a hearing yesterday so-called chain gangs were "fed better food than the average citizen of Florida enjoys." . . . Prisoners are allowed two pounds of bread a day and all the water they can drink.—*Associated Press dispatch from Boston, printed in The Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.*

CAROLINE, NEW REPUBLIC!

The family pet is Vili, a streamlined dachshund, who is disciplined in a manner befitting a literary atmosphere. Once when he was interrupting conversation with vociferous barking, Miss Gordon gave him a stern look and said, "Vili, New Republic!" He immediately subsided in terrorized subjection, and when asked to explain her cryptic command, Miss Gordon replied, "I used to spank him with The New Republic but now he knows it so well that I have only to use the words. They have such an ominous sound and are much more effective than Saturday Evening Post or Cosmopolitan or any of the others."—*From an interview with Caroline Gordon (Mrs. Allen Tate), American novelist, published in The Wilson Bulletin.*

TUTTI FRUTTI?

There has been so much turmoil over rates, hours, closed shop, etc., that the possibilities of relieving labor tension . . . have been frequently overlooked. One such means of improving the labor atmosphere is making it possible for all workers to purchase a popular-priced package of pure ice cream at any time throughout the day without inconvenience or loss of time.—*D. V. Stratton, president of Ice Cream Vendors, Inc., New York, quoted in Ice Cream Trade Journal.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Big Job for Russia

SIR: What do you think of a suggestion that the League, or the Advisory Committee on Far Eastern Affairs of which the United States is a member, should invite Soviet Russia to act as agent in fulfilling the obligations of the Covenant in respect to China?

1. Japan would give way, to the discredit of its governing class, or it would attack Russia, and be crushed. Then,

2. Russia would have the advantage of fighting now instead of after Japan has conquered China, and fighting under auspices which would mean much in rehabilitating her in the eyes of the world.

3. Litvinov might make the offer himself. If the League refused, it would be shown up in really decisive fashion.

4. Germany could scarcely attack Russia, as an ally of Japan, and thus share the odium of indiscriminate slaughter.

New York City. L. R.

"On Hating the Japanese"

SIR: Bruce Bliven's article in The New Republic of September 22, "On Hating the Japanese," is the perfect argument made in a time of great need. There is every psychological reason for hating them. But, alas! it is the psyche, and not the logos, that determines man—you, me and the not-always-too-gentle reader. What, as a practical matter of mental hygiene, is to be done? "Do not hate the Japanese," says Mr. Bliven. Has he any idea as to how we are all to be kept from hating the Japanese? Surely not by logic, which man uses chiefly for the purpose of transferring guilt from himself to someone else.

The point is this. A few people like us hate war, cruelty and injustice. We ought to be thus. The Japanese outrage us in respect of these things. We have to be outraged. Our endocrine balance is disturbed by emotion and it has got to be restored. Action will restore it, but Mr. Bliven's logic is a logic of repression. He says: "Do not hate the Japanese." He will have no success unless he can tell us something strong and vigorous to do.

I think that the basic psychology for escape from this dilemma is clear. Instead of counseling the repression of a proper emotion, the endeavor should be to transfer it. Just as most of us are intolerant of intolerance, so we might conceivably learn to hate hatred; we might find an aggression against aggression. That's an inconsistency, and we have already seen a failure of a "war against war." But I warn you and myself and all the world that there is not going to be any headway against the barbarities of the aggressor nations if the rule is to fight action with inaction. That cannot be done, and the very idea of it rests upon a misconception of the nature of man.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. EDWIN G. BORING.

SIR: I hope you are receiving thousands of letters commending Bruce Bliven's article in the September 22 issue of The New Republic, "On Hating the Japanese." The discussion of the immediate crisis was excellent; but I would need Sam Goldwyn's genius and a little more adequately to characterize the paragraph in which he dissects the theory that the democratic nations should go to war to destroy fascism. The incontrovertible essence of the matter is distilled into a few lines.

I can only ask that you continue to hammer home the spikes into this asinine theory, for I seriously believe that in the next ten years our peace will be more seriously threatened by its advocates than by any other one group. Ironically enough, the danger is immeasurably increased by those liberals and Left-wingers who are already beating the drums for a war against fascism. Twenty years ago I was a schoolboy in a household which considered the War a holy cause; but even so, more than an intimation of the brutalities and repressions filtered into my consciousness, and one of the few things we can be sure of is that it would (will?) be worse next time. . . .

Seattle, Wash. GEORGE HALSEY HUNT, M.D.

SIR: Permit me to offer my hearty congratulations on the admirable sanity of Bruce Bliven's article "On Hating the Japanese." The most generous emotions are a poor substitute for thought, and this article, together with The New Republic's cogent series of editorials on neutrality, should go far toward correcting a certain unbalance too frequently manifested in current discussions of the Far Eastern problem.

There is grave danger that American liberals who condemn the present policies of the Japanese government may unwittingly aid in stirring up a wave of jingoistic emotion directed indiscriminately against everything Japanese. The possible tragic consequences of such a development need no elaboration. Furthermore, many sincere friends of China, in urging that the United States and Great Britain come to her aid in the present emergency, do not seem to take into account the nature of the British and American governments. Constituted as they are, neither of these governments could possibly take action which would be motivated solely by the same disinterested idealism which animates many of the individuals who are pressing for such action. Can anyone think that either Britain or the United States would not demand a quid pro quo for any aid now given to China; or that if it came to war—as effective intervention almost certainly would—the victor would hesitate to appropriate the spoils? It is difficult to see what long-run benefit China would derive from a change of masters. Liberals and imperialists make strange bedfellows, and though there may be circumstances in which it is expedient and even necessary for the angels of light to accept aid from the powers of darkness, liberals who delude themselves that this is possible in the present situation may wake up some morning to find that they have joined the other fellow's parade instead of vice versa—just as in 1917.

MIRIAM S. FARLEY,
Acting Editor, The Far Eastern Survey.

New York City.

Bandwagon Item

SIR: I disapprove of the policy of The New Republic as dangerous and un-American. The addition of Heywood Broun to your staff is an added discredit. Mr. Broun's principles are distinctly revolutionary, and should not be expressed in sound, constructive publications. Of course, you will always find the rabble who will endorse your policies, and proclaim Mr. Broun's views. But such are distinctly damaging to American ideals.

Litchfield, Ill. H. F. HENRICHS.

Childs Signs Up

SIR: It seems to me that the signing of a union agreement on September 25 between the Childs Company and the Hotel, Restaurant and Cafeteria Employees' Organization Committee is news that deserves some space in your columns.

It is the first time that the Childs Company has recognized a union and established union conditions. Under the terms of the contract the more than 3,000 workers in the fifty-two restaurants the company operates in Greater New York won these benefits:

Full union recognition, the closed shop, an increase from the present 15-cents-an-hour rate to 21 cents an hour for service workers (waiters and waitresses), a 10-percent increase for non-service workers (bartenders, kitchen and pantrymen, bus boys, chefs, cooks, etc.), $15-a-week minimum for all non-service workers (some of these made as little as $11.50 heretofore), a 48-hour week after January 28, 1938, three wholesome meals for all full-time employees, free uniforms, one week's vacation with pay in advance for all workers after six months' employment. The pay increase is retroactive to September 12, when formal negotiations began.

The negotiations started almost immediately after an employees' election was held in the Childs chain, under the supervision of the New York State Labor Relations Board, in which the employees chose the Hotel, Restaurant and Cafeteria Employees' Organization

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Committee to be their sole collective-bargaining agency by a vote of 2,181 to 493.

The signing of this agreement represents one of the greatest advances for the organized food workers in New York ever made. Undoubtedly, the fact that a union signed up such a large chain as Childs will give enormous impetus to the organization of all the 200,000 workers in New York's food industry, of whom more than 30,000 are already unionized.

That the significance of the signing of the agreement was generally realized is illustrated by the fact that the contract was signed in public at the headquarters of the State Labor Relations Board, at 366 Broadway, and that this unusual event was attended by Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey, who spoke in highly laudatory terms of the union.

The Hotel, Restaurant and Cafeteria Employees' Organization Committee was organized last July. It was established by eleven American Federation of Labor locals in New York, with a total membership of 30,000, for the purpose of organizing the catering industry in the city. It was to serve as a joint board, functioning under the auspices of the Local Joint Executive Board of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International Alliance and Bartenders' International League of America.

New York City. WILLIAM RANDORF.

Who Then?

SIR: *In your isue of October 6, there appears an editorial paragraph which refers to one of The New Republic editorial staff as having always supposed that he was descended from "a long line of sheep stealers and deportees"* ["Landing on the Gentry," page 228]. Since this article is anonymous, I should like to record the fact that the description given does not fit me. Neither, I am sure, does it fit George Soule, R. M. Lovett, Stark Young, Elizabeth Huling, T. R. Carskadon or Otis Ferguson.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

New York City.

De Madariaga and Spain

SIR: De Madariaga's position [The New Republic, September 29] becomes clearer and less enviable with each new protest against his critics. If he is not for the Spanish Loyalists he is against them. Obviously, he is aware of this and sensitive about it. He may attempt to escape to heights of contemplation, in theory, but, in fact, he aids the fascists just as the similar, so-called impartial, attitude of the British Tory government has done.

Great Neck, N. Y. DR. L. A. ELDRIDGE.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Dick Tuttle, of Tacoma, Washington, challenges the speculation of Jonathan Mitchell in our issue of September 28 that the investments in foreign missions might cause a "war party" to arise among Protestant churches, advocating intervention in China. As a member of such a church, Mr. Tuttle says he can find no indication of this attitude anywhere and the churches sincerely want to keep America out of war. . . . Leonard Maurer's reaction to the merry-making at the recent American Legion convention in New York City is to suggest a new Legion slogan: "Liberty for some, license for us." . . . Franklin Wilson, of Baltimore, Maryland, thinks the country has been off the gold standard too long for its own good and in reminiscent phraseology he calls for "resumption of specie payments."

Louis B. Boudin, of the National Lawyers' Guild, sends us a copy of a telegram to Mr. Justice Black in which Boudin says most of the present clamor over the Klan issue is merely a screen behind which reactionaries are resisting any attempt to liberalize the Supreme Court. . . . Henry Vosburgh, of Newark, New Jersey, on the other hand, accuses The New Republic of muddy thinking and lack of courage in not calling for Mr. Justice Black's immediate resignation.

Edward Buckman, of Cobalt, Ontario, is bothered by a reference to a "canvas of Van Gogh vegetables" in T. R. Carskadon's article, "Radio: The Happy Slattern," in our issue of September 22. Mr. Buckman says he applauds the general conclusions of the article and realizes that the mention was "light and symbolic," but nevertheless, as an old Van Gogh fancier, he feels bound to record the fact that Van Gogh did not characteristically paint vegetables. Actually Mr. Buckman is able to recall only one such canvas, and that of the early Dutch period and almost unknown to the general public.

Miss Minna F. Kassner informs us that she is now engaged in revising and bringing up to date a pamphlet on the subject of radio censorship that she and Lucien Zacharoff prepared for the American Civil Liberties Union in 1936. Miss Kassner asks that any of our readers who may have facts concerning recent actual instances of censorship on the air please communicate with her at 1359 Broadway, New York City.

Corliss Lamont, national chairman of the Friends of the Soviet Union, writes us of plans to observe the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the Soviet Republic by presenting a Golden Book of American Friendship with the Soviet Union to Mikhail Kalinin, chief executive of the USSR. It is hoped to include a million signatures in the book, and interested persons are invited to communicate with the national headquarters of the sponsoring organization at 824 Broadway, New York City.

The American Youth Congress writes of its nationwide protest campaign against the recent cut in the appropriations for the National Youth Administration. The budget decrease from $75,000,000 to $50,000,000 or less will cut off from the benefits of federal youth aid about 65,000 college students, 120,000 high-school students and 60,000 young people who are out of school. The AYC and many coöperating groups plan simultaneous demonstrations on college campuses and at NYA offices throughout the country on October 14. In addition a special delegation expects to see President Roosevelt either on that day or upon his return from the Northwest to ask restoration of the original appropriation.

The Book and Magazine Guild announces twelve courses, of practical value to anyone interested in book and magazine publishing, which it will present this winter, starting about the middle of October. This is the third season that the Guild's educational program has been in effect. All the classes are held in the evening at 69 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and enrolment is open to non-members as well as members. The subjects include Technique of Book Production, Literary Criticism, Magazine Layout and Design, Copy Editing and Proofreading, Book Publicity and Promotion, Retail Bookselling and Creative Editing. The instructors have all proven their abilities in their respective fields, and the list includes such well known figures as Louis Kronenberger, Robert Josephy and Jane Terrill.

What's on the Air?

Professor Charles E. Merriam, chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago, speaks on the topic, "Our Town's Business." Thursday, October 7, 4:15 P.M., CBS. On Friday, October 8, Clarke G. Dailey, president of the Real Estate Board of New York, discusses the Federal Housing Act over the Columbia Network at 10:45 P.M.

Current-event problems are discussed by members of the faculty of the University of Chicago in their regular weekly program. Sunday, October 10, 12:30 to 1 P.M., NBC-Red Network. On Wednesday, October 13, Blair Niles, noted woman explorer and author of "Black Haiti," speaks on a program called "Women Explore the World." The program describes typical life in Haiti and presents an orchestral version of some of the native music. 3 to 3:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a presentation of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," with Ruth Gordon, Paul Lukas, Dennis King and Sam Jaffe in the principal roles, Thursday, October 7, 8 P.M., CBS; the General Motors Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee, Sunday, October 10, 8 to 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network and Lucrezia Bori singing with a symphony orchestra and chorus under the direction of José Iturbi, Sunday, October 10, 9 P.M., CBS. On Monday, October 11, Alfred Wallenstein conducts a symphony orchestra and mixed chorus with Margaret Speaks as soloist, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Roots of Fascism

THIS BOOK[1] is at once a history and a work of art. Professor Borgese has long been famous in Italy as both author and scholar, and he has now performed the linguistic feat of developing a magnificent English style after only a few years' residence in this country. His style is clear and limpid throughout, touched here and there with irony and genuine eloquence, and spiced with vivid personal descriptions of the chief actors—as when the pygmy King whose military caps are always too large for his head is described with "his unconquerable tic of restlessly twitching his cheek from the corner of his eye to the chin as though he were always chewing gum mixed with gravel."

Better than any other author, Borgese has laid bare the non-rational roots of Italian fascism and has done so without any cheap recourse to psychoanalysis. The three main sources of fascism Borgese believes to have been the glamor of recreating the Roman Empire, the worship of political power however it might be attained, and the anarchistic spirit of self-realization at all costs.

Each of these streams of influence had in turn a host of tributaries. Dante in his "De Monarchia" and the fourteenth-century Roman tribune Rienzi fed the idea of the *imperium,* as did the fanatical nationalism of Corradini, Rocco and their followers. All this culminated in the post-war demand for Dalmatia and the rejection of a Wilsonian peace.

The idea that the possession of personal power justifies the use of any means was embodied in the lives of the Renaissance tyrants and *condottieri,* and was given literary and logical expression by Machiavelli. Fascinated by the contrast between the glittering Cesare Borgia and Savonarola, he declared that the unarmed prophets perished and only the armed could survive. These doctrines passed into the Italian tradition and were strengthened by Croce, who, like Hegel, accepted the "real" as the embodiment of the rational.

Finally there was the exaltation of the moral anarchist who dared do anything without regard to legal restraint or moral scruples. The bravos of the Renaissance had started this tradition, over which a glamor was cast in the nineteenth century by such historians as Burckhardt. But it was increased by the vogue given to Max Stirner's "The Ego and His Own," to Nietzsche and to Sorel, to the Futurists led by Marinetti with their mocking of esthetic form and content and, most of all perhaps, to D'Annunzio with his fantastic egoism.

This triple brew of poison conquered the Italian mind and overpowered the noble ideal of a world federation of humane nations for which the heroes of the Risorgimento, Mazzini and Garibaldi, had contended and which was being currently advocated by the socialist Bissolati, and the historian Salvemini. It was therefore easy for Mussolini, himself intoxicated with these doctrines, to bestride the Italian people. Borgese's interpretation of the fundamental motives of Mussolini is, I believe, just: "There had never been socialism and there never was nationalism in him. There was consistently the anarchist. But he finally realized that no anarchist can triumph over the State unless he captures it and becomes himself the State."

But a neurotic can satisfy his itch for cruelty and unfettered freedom only by steadily increasing acts of intimidation. First, Italy was put under his heel and all classes were compelled to fall into line. Then, Ethiopia was raped and Great Britain bluffed. Now it is Spain's turn, while the democratic nations pass by on the other side. Seeing him supported by his fellow-neurotic Hitler, one may well ask, What is next?

This interpretation is ably done and sketches a field of influences that have been far too much neglected. There is indeed but one flaw in this most notable work and that is the undue minimization of the economic forces making for fascism. This is understandable in a humanist like Borgese who is primarily interested in the history of literary ideas, but it should not blind us in analyzing the history of events. Fascism may have happened first in the mind, as the author has stated in an earlier article. But it could not have conquered Italy without the aid of: (1) a large sector of big business which felt menaced by the post-war labor movement and which turned to fascism as a means of protecting its position and power; and (2) the big landlords, who were worried lest the radical Catholic Popular Party, led by the Sicilian priest, Dom Sturzo, should succeed in breaking up the larger estates.

It was these groups which furnished Mussolini with the money to equip and maintain his army of *arditi* and hence enabled Balbo and Grandi to terrorize to their hearts' content. The author seems to give an unwilling assent to the validity of these influences, and he consistently plays them down. Nor does he seem fully to realize why Italian liberalism offered no real resistance. Was it not largely because many of those so-called liberals cared more in reality for their class position than for freedom and were willing to let fascism have its way if only it would crush the radical Left? How else indeed can we explain the applause which the Corriere della Sera gave to the forcible seizure of the Milanese city hall from the Socialists?

It is this comparative neglect of economic motives which causes Borgese, I believe, to misinterpret the motives of the British Cabinet during the Ethiopian affair. It was not so much the love of peace or a relative lack of preparedness that caused England to knuckle under then to Mussolini, as the fear of the British Tories that should they decisively check him, they would release a workers' revolt which would not only capture power in Italy but, by strengthening the position of the underdogs everywhere, would endanger their own class position in Great Britain itself. The British Tories therefore in effect sacrificed their national honor in order to preserve their class interests, and throughout the last year in Spain they have virtually repeated their former choice. It is this factor upon which Hitler and Mussolini rely in their continued efforts of aggrandizement. They do not expect to be checked by the democratic nations because they believe that the groups which control these countries are already crypto-fascist in their hearts. It is upon this assumption that our own domestic imitators of Hitler and Mussolini also largely depend. They believe that if fascism openly takes the field even the honorable conservatives will at least not oppose it, lest in doing so they should strengthen forces which to them are worse.

[1] Goliath: The March of Fascism, by G. A. Borgese. New York: The Viking Press. 493 pages. $3.

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It is because I regard such latent tendencies as perhaps the greatest hidden danger which democracies must face in their struggle to live that I venture to call attention to the slighting of their importance in what is otherwise an extraordinarily able book, which I have read with more pleasure and profit than I have derived from any similar work in recent years. PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

You Can't Hear Their Voices

Their Eyes Were Watching God, by Zora Neale Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

IT ISN'T that this novel is bad, but that it deserves to be better. In execution it is too complex and wordily pretty, even dull—yet its conception of these simple Florida Negroes is unaffected and really beautiful. Its story comes mostly through the person of Janie, a mulatto girl carefully married off to a proper fellow whom she ran away from shortly because that wasn't love and living as she hoped it would be. And her second husband, though he built a town and promoted for himself a main place in its life, cooped her up and smothered her with rectitude until he died, leaving her wiser with middle age, and still handsome.

Through these chapters there has been some very shrewd picturing of Negro life in its naturally creative and unself-conscious grace (the book is absolutely free of Uncle Toms, absolutely unlimbered of the clumsy formality, defiance and apology of a Minority Cause). And when Tea Cake swaggers in with his banter and music and rolling bones and fierce tender loyalty, there is a lot more picturing of what we would never have known: Darktown and the work on the Everglades muck, the singing and boasting and play-acting, people living the good life but, in the absence of the sour and pretentious and proper, seeming to live it in a different world. It is the time of the Big Blow in Florida, and though Tea Cake and Janie fought through it, the aftermath left the man with hydrophobia, and she had to kill him like a dog. Janie went back to her town after that, her late years to be mellowed with the knowledge of how wide life can be.

If this isn't as grand as it should be, the breakdown comes in the conflict between the true vision and its overliterary expression. Crises of feeling are rushed over too quickly for them to catch hold, and then presently we are in a tangle of lush exposition and overblown symbols; action is described and characters are talked about, and everything is more heard than seen. The speech is founded in observation and sometimes wonderfully so, a gold mine of traditional sayings. "Don't come to *me* with your hair blowing back," someone says. Or, "My old woman . . . get her good and mad and she'll wade through solid rock up to her hip pockets"; "She ain't a fact and neither do she make a good story when you tell about her." Or such phrases in their proper place as "Well all right then," and "Got the world in a jug." Or such vivid-simple picture making as a comment on great wind and thunder: "Big Massa draw him a chair upstairs." Or illustrations from natural life, as in the case of the old girl who said you didn't have to worry about her blabbing; she was like a chicken—"Chicken drink water but he don't pee-pee."

But although the spoken word is remembered, it is not passed on. Dialect is really sloppy, in fact. Suggestion of speech difference is a difficult art, and none should practise it who can't grasp its first rule—that the key to difference must be indicated by the signature of a different rhythm and by the delicate tampering with an occasional main word. To let the really important words stand as in Webster and then consistently misspell all the eternal particles that are no more than an aspiration in any tongue, is to set up a mood of Eddie Cantor in blackface. The reader's eye is caught by distortions of the inconsequential, until a sentence in the supposedly vernacular reads with about this emphasis: "DAT WUZ UH might fine thing FUH you TUH do."'

And so all this conflict between the real life we want to read about and the superwordy, flabby lyric discipline we are so sick of leaves a good story where it never should have been potentially: in the gray category of neuter gender, declension indefinite. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Myth of Maine

Kennebec: Cradle of Americans, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 302 pages. $2.50.

THIS IS the first in a series of volumes which is intended by the publishers to express the epic of America in terms of its rivers. We had from the earliest settlements through the Civil War what was predominantly a river and tidewater culture, modified and linked by the slow growth of highways and canals. Natural waterways were the predetermining conditions of an agricultural and commercial society. Power, politics and poetry flowed on water. Precisely when the mold was set, and the pattern established in tradition and living habit for a positive culture, the new power of coal as expressed in railroads and steam-driven machinery cracked the mold and made the pattern irrelevant to the facts. The drama lay—and in any emphasis you wished to take—in the persistent and self-deceiving struggle (which still continues) of the water culture to absorb the coal culture in which it was already engulfed. This drama was enacted in Maine as elsewhere, and along the Kennebec as well as along the Penobscot, the Androscoggin and the St. Croix; and only the terms of that drama give significance to the changes, the decay and the survivals, economic, intellectual and social, of the old culture.

Mr. Coffin missed the drama altogether—as it is to be hoped the authors of the succeeding volumes in the series will not. It cannot be that he missed sight of the material, for what he helter-skelter put into his book cries out for the dramatic form; it must be rather that he lacks the dramatic talent and therefore felt no dramatic need; or it may be partly, as the repetitiousness and loose language of the book suggest, that he was in too much of a hurry to know either what he meant to do or what he did. What he did, which must be our final concern, was to write a panegyric in the free lyric mode to all the hardy-romantic aspects of the past and to what lingers of them in the present—such as the cold winters and the short growing season and the coastal storms, each of which, as is appropriate in a panegyric or a sales-talk, he exaggerates beyond recall. He adds to the bright-eyed, flannel-mouthed myth of Maine, already familiar in the bright-eyed, flannel-mouthed novels of Gladys Hasty Carroll and Mary Ellen Chase, and so helps make an image of a place where only decadent Spartans would feel at home, a place where, as Mr. Coffin quotes with exclamatory approval, "both men and women were fine tall figures, fair and well featured, with a nameless mixture of flitting graces and thronging charms—the waving form, the sparkling eye, the glossy curl, the jetty tufts of hair, the generous manly cheek, the snowy forehead, the soft damask blush. But above all, the kind glance of friendship and classic fire—it was impossible to resist them."

R. P. BLACKMUR.

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Thomas Mann as Critic

Freud, Goethe, Wagner, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 217 pages. $2.

THE English translation of Thomas Mann's lectures on Freud, Goethe and Wagner offers to all those who did not attend the delivery of these speeches in New York an impressive insight into the author's personality. Indeed, by praising Freud for his discovery of "life as a lived myth" rather than for his therapeutic method, by depicting Goethe as the steadfast hero of a profession which the great man himself compared to an "incurable disease," and by analyzing with merciless good humor Wagner's capering between the ridiculous and the sublime, Mann in an indirect manner reveals much of his own thought and belief. Nowhere does he aim at academic objectivity and its illusory goal of exhausting the source of facts. As a born novelist, he prefers elucidating a significant part of creative life by means of understanding and, to a large extent, of identification.

In Freud's work Mann discovers a scientific attempt very similar to his own literary way of getting at the "truth." Freud also has undergone the influence of Nietzsche and particularly of Schopenhauer, whom Mann is inclined to regard as the most important philosopher of the last century. He might as well have referred to Carus, Bachofen and the whole romantic school, for it is the romantic touch in psychoanalysis which seems to have the greatest bearing on Mann's mind. Being well aware that he himself took "the step from the bourgeois and individual to the mythical and typical" in his Joseph novels, the author greets Freud as the explorer who made this path out of a completely mechanized world. Closely examined, it is the old issue of the two possible conceptions of "truth," or of the "true meaning" of life, which concerns both Freud and Mann, making them appear as comrades fighting for the same conviction.

Goethe, though standing at the beginning of the way, might very well serve as a third instance. He, too, deeply felt the dehumanizing effect of a civilization which rested all its hope on the "truth" of reasonable calculation. It is well known that Goethe even refused to accept Newton's theory of colors and despised the use of telescopes, because they distorted the image of the world within his soul. Curiously enough, just this awe-inspiring hatred Goethe had for everyday truth is claimed by modern German writers for supporting the National Socialist viewpoint (for instance by Gottfried Benn in "Goethe und die Naturwissenschaften"). It would be very interesting to see Mann argue with such an *advocatus diaboli;* in the present essay, however, he confines himself to demonstrating the fate Germany's great old man, attacked by the nationalists of the Junges Deutschland group, had to suffer in his own country—and that may pass as an answer quite well.

The third essay, conjuring Wagner's shadow, is the most animated and penetrating one. Wagner's artistic intuition, enabling him "to give the highly intellectual under the guise of an orgy of the senses," seems to be more akin to Mann's own nature than Goethe's serene and easy completeness or Freud's scientific inspiration. The portrait of the holy-unholy magician who was "a clown, a sun-god and an anarchistic revolutionary all rolled into one" is drawn with such admirable skill, the insight into the moods of a fragile and melancholy contemporary expressing his feelings through the voices of Wotan and Parsifal brings forth such a masterly study on the paradoxical psychology of an artist, that Mann's subjective method seems fully justified, when applied to a man whose power was similar to his own.

But the very perfection achieved in this portrait indicates the limits set to the method of identification. It may be a matter of course that the author of "Tonio Kröger" charges himself with defending a certain lack of seriousness in Wagner's attitude. Eager to save the artist's instabilities from moralistic critics, Mann contrasts them with the "deadly-sour" intellectual sincerity of Nietzsche, and maintains the theory that "artists should be serious only for the purpose of the game." There may be some truth to be found in this sentence—but not the whole truth. It is the seriousness of the "game" that matters. Compared to artists like Bach, Beethoven or Goethe—all of them undoubtedly less "sour" than Nietzsche—Wagner and his grandiose playfulness become somewhat suspect, for reasons that far transcend any moralistic viewpoint and are consistent with the utterly impersonal meaning of art itself.

This exactly denotes the point where Wagner's uniqueness baffles Mann's attempt at identification. Consequently, the word most proper to Wagner's art never appears: even when setting the creator of "Lohengrin" against the background of the plush-sofa and Makart-bouquet time, Mann refrains from calling him a sentimentalist. He takes Wagner's ambiguity and sumptuousness for an ironical expression of infirmity and hence for a mark of artistic distinction. This rather romantic psychology is itself rooted in the *fin-de-siècle* decade, of which Mann frankly admits to being an offspring. Still, the grand revival of Wagner in the Third Reich, where Goethe is neglected and Freud condemned, may warn against a game played by an artist whom Nietzsche, far ahead of his epoch, in his venerable stubbornness once denounced as "God's ventriloquist."

C. E. FRANCOLIN.

According to the Letter

The Power to Govern: The Constitution—Then and Now, by Walton H. Hamilton and Douglass Adair. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 254 pages. $2.50.

MR. HAMILTON and Mr. Adair, like many other persons, believe that the Supreme Court of the United States has translated the Constitution into a thesaurus of legalisms. They repudiate the verbalism of constitutional law but somehow believe that the processes of interpretation may be simplified by exploring the dictionaries of 1787. From their research they find that the word "commerce" to eighteenth-century lexicographers was a term of vague inconclusiveness, and they show that to William Blake, Abigail Adams and Oliver Goldsmith the word was rich in content. "It was a name for the economic order, the domain of political economy, the realm of a comprehensive public policy." It is the authors' thesis that when the delegates in Philadelphia gave Congress the power to regulate commerce among the states they intended to grant a power of sufficient competence to deal with all matters affecting the wealth of the nation.

However much one may respect the industry with which the authors have probed the minds of the Founding Fathers, it seems doubtful whether their efforts are justified. Wise decisions in constitutional law do not arise from the subtle comprehension of eighteenth-century English usage. All that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Adair have learned may be entirely true, but their learning would be of small assistance to a judge confronted with the necessity of deciding a particular case arising under the commerce clause. If Supreme Court Justices have often failed to reach wise decisions it is seldom because they have misinterpreted constitutional

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phrases or misunderstood the intention of the Fathers. Their shortcomings have been in statesmanship—in their refusal to pay more than lip service to Marshall's caution that it is a constitution which they must construe. It is of undoubted historical importance to know that mercantilism was the dominant economic theory of the delegates in Philadelphia, but that knowledge does not constitute an adequate criticism of recent judicial decisions. No doubt certain cases would have been decided more wisely if the Justices had interpreted the commerce clause as do Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Adair, yet the intention of the delegates remains an inadequate canon of construction. MARK HOWE JR.

Raw Materials

International Control in the Non-Ferrous Metals, by W. Y. Elliott, Elizabeth S. May, J. W. F. Rowe, Alex Skelton and Donald H. Wallace. New York: The Macmillan Company. 801 pages, charts. $6.50.

Raw Materials in Peace and War, by Eugene Staley. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 336 pages. $3.

IN A SUGGESTIVE little volume, "Raw Materials or War Materials?" J. C. Plummer, an English economist, pointed out that the entire argument between the so-called "have" and "have-not" powers was based on the assumption that direct political control of an area is a prerequisite to complete economic enjoyment of its resources. This assumption he—in common with Sir Norman Angell, Eugene Staley and virtually all responsible students of international affairs—finds as full of holes as a sieve; and he concludes that the much overrated "problem" of raw materials is little more than a blatant euphemism for war as an instrument of national policy.

To this problem the volumes under review contribute a vast amount of knowledge of a highly specialized kind, together with an analysis of international policies that should go far toward clarifying our understanding of the enormously complex issues involved. The first, sponsored by the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University in collaboration with Radcliffe College, is in effect a series of remarkably comprehensive and detailed monographs on the technology, economics, political history, financial control and post-war developments of six basic non-ferrous metals: nickel, aluminum, tin, copper, lead and zinc. Taken in connection with Brooks Emeny's "The Strategy of Raw Materials," issued three years ago under the same auspices, the present work, with its elaborate documentation at every point, its powerful apparatus of statistics, tabulations and charts, is a veritable treasure-trove of information for the specialist and the layman alike.

A fundamental issue confronting all the authors is that of "self-sufficiency" considered as an economic doctrine. The introductory chapters, dealing with the political implications and with the "mechanics of international cartels," bring out some of the hopeless contradictions implicit in the frenzied attempts of world powers to eat their cake of raw-materials abundance and to have it too. The entire structure of production-quota schemes, of price controls, international allotments and market agreements is constantly menaced by defections and anarchy on the one hand and on the other by the inexorable trend toward monopoly in those materials whose regional concentration favors a close corporate domination.

An admirable illustration of the latter is to be found in Alex Skelton's chapter on nickel. Here we have a metal whose commercial history goes back only some fifty years, but whose developments since—owing largely to the discovery of its value as a steel-alloy for armaments—have literally embraced the world, providing in miniature a portrait of imperialism in action. Today, with the rise to virtual control of the International Nickel Company, solidly grounded in the enormous reserves of the Sudbury district in Canada, nickel, once a first-class nuisance to Saxon miners, ranks high among the "strategic" raw materials without which neither automobiles nor tanks could operate.

Mr. Skelton, in common with his collaborators, devotes a great deal of space to the corporate structure of the industry, particularly in its international aspects. It is at this point that the reader comes close to the real mainspring of the whole raw-materials question. A vast network of enterprises, many of them—International Nickel, Mellon's Aluminum Company of America, Patiño Tin interests, Anaconda Copper—members of that "inner cabinet" which controls our bread and circuses, has got control of the world's mineral resources, and it is for the rest of us to decide what to do about it.

According to Eugene Staley, the author of our second book, the decision must be between a "power economy," based on self-sufficiency for war, and a "standard of living economy" which would utilize all regional resources in the interests of peace and prosperity. Mr. Staley, who has made extensive use of the material in the first volume, confines himself chiefly to political issues as they involve this country: his conclusions do not get much further than a rather generalized belief in the value of collective security against war, to be enforced—just how is not made clear—by "measures to reduce economic nationalism" and other causes of international friction. In view of the author's extensive knowledge of the field of foreign investment as shown in his earlier book, "War and the Private Investor," this attitude seems, to put it mildly, naïve. Nor are we helped much by his virtual omission of any *concrete* discussion of the raw-materials issue in Germany, Italy and Japan. Is it not true that these three fascist powers, having systematically weakened their own internal markets, are compelled to disregard the barest hint of a "collective" security which would inevitably paralyze their frantic search for controlled foreign markets, which means colonies?

HAROLD WARD.

Little Hands

Child Workers in America, by Katharine DuPre Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 333 pages. $3.50.

IN THEIR preface Miss Lumpkin and Mrs. Douglas describe "Child Workers is America" as an attempt to treat fully the various fields of child labor in their relation to the "general system of our economic life."

One-third of the book is devoted to a discussion of industries and occupations where child labor flourishes. The second section explodes the myth (claimed by the authors to have a strong hold on many citizens) that child workers are morons. Part III deals with the history of the movement for child-labor control. Conscientiously the opposition is lined up, its devious origin and methods exposed. The proponents, too, get their share of criticism, for the authors are not completely sold on the efficacy of reformist tactics and recognize the need for active coöperation with labor before effective legislation can be passed.

The best work in the book is in Part II, where the complex factors involved in school-leaving and job-getting are

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brought out and illustrated with well selected cases. Through analysis of these factors, the very definite relationship existing between child labor and the "general system of our economic life" is forcefully shown.

I think the distinction between the past and present role of the American labor movement in the campaign for child-labor legislation could have been made more clear. The authors undoubtedly recognize that distinction themselves, but the material is organized in such a way that the reader is a little at sea as to which group—the reformists or the A.F. of L.—is to blame for not having, long since, developed an effective front for ratification of the Child Labor Amendment.

While there is little new information in "Child Workers in America," aside from the important information concerning unpaid family labor in agriculture, Miss Lumpkin and Mrs. Douglas have summarized findings made from a study of almost all the available material, much of which has never before been published. The summary is adequate, and very much needed by the literate public, which is surprisingly ignorant on this score.

That is all, except that privately I wonder, all by myself, when writers will stop using exclamation points and words like "dreadful" as substitutes for plain, simple prose describing what appalls them. The habit is dreadful!

JANE WHITBREAD.

Counsel for the Offensive

The Stalin School of Falsification, by Leon Trotsky. Translated by John G. Wright. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 368 pages. $2.50.

INCLUDING the appendices, this book is largely an assortment of documents (dated between March, 1917, and January, 1928) which will be of interest to those who want some source material relating to the central controversy within the Russian Communist Party. Being collated by one of the principals for his own case, the material is not, of course, sufficiently ample to support a definite judgment. Readers who are partisans have already based their position on personal attitudes toward broad fundamental problems and theories. Much of what is here, therefore, especially the exposition of intra-party intrigues and disputation around details of tactics and policy, is not helpful in that line.

The most characteristic inclusion is Trotsky's statement for the Bureau of Party History, composed at their request in October, 1927. It provides evidence (from letters, reports, etc.) of his own position on the various issues that arose after the Revolution. The general tenor of these selections is, indeed, familiar history—history which will survive all falsification. But from the outset the statement assumes that the request of the Bureau is insincere, and the tone of the comment is aggressive and antagonizing throughout. Granted that the writer was already half-condemned, still, the psychological tactic seems poor in the extreme. It is easy to understand how neutrals might be driven into enmity by such an attitude. In the speeches to the Central Committee warning of (or rather denouncing) the opportunist drift, there is much brilliant logic but no persuasive phrasing. One remembers the silly old gibe: "You can't change human nature." It isn't true; yet here the strongest of social dialecticians, instead of patiently expounding a new "synthesis," could only drive the quarrel continually deeper.

GEORGE MCLURE.

The Beast Within

Lena, by Roger Vercel. Translated by Warre Bradley Wells. New York: Random House. $2.50.

THAT BENEATH the crust of our civilization brutal instincts lurk which only await the occasion for breaking through and spreading death and destruction, has been a theme frequently used in fiction to convey a metaphysics of pessimism and negation of social progress. In "Lena," however, the metaphysical implications remain far in the background and the center of interest is in the psychological process. The plot is constructed like a theorem: being given such and such conditions—war, captivity, savage surroundings (Macedonian guerilla warfare, etc.)—prove that a sensitive young man like Lieutenant de Queslain (who is so noble that he asked for and obtained his transfer from aviation to infantry, after having read a list of women and children killed by his bombs) is led to murder his beautiful doctor-nurse, Lena, despite the fact that they are virtually in love and certainly have a high esteem for one another.

There is no doubt that the author succeeds in "demonstrating" his point—in winning his wager and the reader's admiration for his skill. At the same time, however, we strongly feel the futility of his literary exploit. Not that the story could not have happened; on the contrary, it is quite plausible. The author has carefully established the sequence of events, and whenever necessary has invoked external fate, always in a plausible manner. And precisely for that reason the drama is closely—too closely—bound to its local conditions. But before the reader has had time to start on these reflections, and to remember that plausi-

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bility sometimes is pretty far from truth, he has enjoyed a superbly told story which is free from cumbersome details and yet manages to give an acute, vivid picture of a little-known corner of the world war where savagery had a particularly fertile ground to flourish.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

NATHANIEL PEFFER, the author of several books on the Far East, has returned from China within the past fortnight. He has accepted a teaching position at Columbia University.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR., since his graduation from Harvard last spring, has been engaged in journalistic work in New York City.

STEPHEN SPENDER, whose collected poems have been printed by Random House, is the author as well of "Forward from Liberalism," "The Burning Cactus" and "The Destructive Element."

HENRY C. WOLFE, writer and lecturer on European affairs, is now on his way home from one of his annual tours of Central Europe.

AXTON CLARK has published two volumes of translations and one of poetry, "The Single Glow," which appeared in 1933. He was formerly a teacher of Philosophy at Harvard, and now lives in San Francisco.

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